Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 235 JANUARY, 1933 NUMBER 1

Apéritif

Pollyanna Stuff

THE ripple of mild excitement lately over "Technocracy" may or may not be just cause for a belief that people are really interested in the problem of technological unemployment. A mathematical attempt to prove it insoluble does have spectacular qualities, anyhow, and it can hurt no one very much to come in contact with the idea: not, at least, while a few dollars still are left in circulation to deprive the majority of incentive to surrender to the engineers. Moreover, there results an excuse of timeliness to discuss a rather small part of the whole problem which seems to have been passed over by the economists.

A classified advertisement nowadays reads somewhat like this: "Stenographer, experienced, must know bookkeeping, accountancy, business law, French, Spanish and Italian, be saleswoman and perfect 16. Only highest references considered. Knowledge dysteleology and catacoustics helpful. Salary $10." Which at first glance would seem to indicate that the stenographer had risen in the world, become a person of much greater importance than the old amanuensis, except for the ten-dollar-a-week salary, which obviously would not support importance. But although there are quite enough typists on the breadlines to make even ten dollars a week acceptable wages, the fact seems to have little or no direct connection with technological progress. They are on the breadlines, not because a machine has been introduced to take their places, but simply because the businesses which held those places have disappeared from the face of the earth.

However, that will change. There are men working on the machine now and in due time it will appear — some combination, one supposes, of the dictaphone and typewriter, into which an executive may speak what he will and by simple adjustment of dials or levers have it come out the other end in the form he desires, accurately typed and spaced on clean paper. It will probably have in addition the happy faculty of producing copies in large numbers and very rapidly. These are its fundamentals;

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how the thing will be elaborated must be left to the technicians, and in any event it is more entertaining to consider what effect loosing the contraption on business will have.

It will provide a great many young ladies with technological unemployment, of course. Even the ones who managed to hold on to their jobs through the present unpleasantness.

Just as certainly it will increase by prodigious degrees the amount of mail in circulation. From 1890 to 1930, along with the reckless production of typewriters, mimeographs, multigraphs and other devices for propagating correspondence, the quantity of mail handled by the United States Post Office each year increased from four billion pieces to nearly twenty-eight. No one who has enjoyed a position on any mailing list will be surprised at the figures, but they will seem infinitesimal when a form letter can be concocted by a high-pressure promotion man in ten minutes, run off by the thousands at his pressing a button and mailed the same morning.

It will be as easy, you see, for the business man to record his slightest thought as it is now for him to forget it. The consequences are almost unbearable to contemplate. Think of the shower of anniversary greetings, congratulations, acknowledgments, requests for interviews or for charity or a small loan, advices to Congressmen, daily dun letters and complaints to the management which will pour forth. Memoranda within the office will increase and multiply: all orders, comments, ideas will be written perforce, and the conference as an American institution may die an unlamented death. A few of the huskier retired stenographers will be reëmployed to empty wastebaskets, an hourly task. And filing clerks will know real despair.

The most melancholy person to imagine in the new era, however, will be the editor. Poor creature, he is almost dead now from the floods of manuscripts raised up by mass education and the ingenuity of correspondence schools of writing; how will he endure worse tribulations? With such an infernal machine at his elbow, no man possessing the ghost of an idea and the itch to see his name in print will be able to resist temptation, and the few nowadays who are too lazy to pound typewriters themselves or too self-conscious to confide their darling thoughts to a stenographer will join the self-expressive mob.

It would be easy enough to predict that the thing would introduce a more sedentary trend into American life. With its further amplification of the facilities for spreading information added to the telephone, telegraph and radio, there would be even less need for sensible people to rush about all over the country. Unfortunately, Americans are not sensible and the sum total of all results will probably be more frantic activity even than was observed in the late 'Twenties. Letter writers will not be satisfied with increasing the burden of the postman's life beyond all reason; they will insist on following him wherever he goes, jostling, pushing, getting in his way, and eventually they will kill him with their speeding automobiles.

Let us turn back to the retired stenographers. Some of them will find work cleaning out wastebaskets,

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we saw, but that can hardly provide a living for them all. However, by a simple application of the classical economic theory it becomes apparent exactly what will happen to the rest. For one thing, the postal service will have to be expanded very considerably to take care of the greater quantities of mail. Some will find jobs there. Then the manufacture of the machines themselves will absorb others. Still more will be retained in their offices to help in the signing of the increased mail and to do other work that formerly had to be overlooked in the rush of writing letters. Some — particularly those who know better how to write a letter than their superiors — will be kept to dictate into the new machine. Some will find their way into an overburdened editorial sanctum here and there. And there will undoubtedly be a few who will discover themselves capable of that most baffling feat — living, apparently, by no more arduous a method than writing letters to the newspapers.

Already, in all likelihood, quite sufficient employment has been named to account for every displaced stenographer. But there is one more great work that will be open to them and it thoroughly proves, not only the classical theory of economists in regard to technological unemployment, but also the shining truth of that philosophy of progress which has illumined the great history of America.

Scientists who have bothered to think about the matter occasionally enjoy predicting that city dwellers stand a good chance of all becoming deaf in the not too far distant future. The noises, they say, which we have been so ingenious in contriving out of trucks and steam riveters and automobile horns and radios are destroying hearing quite as effectively as though that had been our purpose all along. To that pleasant prophecy can now be added the possibility that business men of the future will stop dying in the harness and take up the practice of retiring early in life — just as soon as they go blind. For although the good Babbitt of today can, and frequently does, refuse to read anything but the news and his business papers and so enjoys passable vision, his successor will have so great a volume of reading that he must do in the course of the day that nothing will save him.

And, of course, his former stenographer will have the work of leading him about when his active life is ended. The demand for such ladies will be so great as to end forever the problem of unemployment — technological or any other kind.

W. A. D.

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From Playboy to Pietist

By Allen Raymond

New York City's mayoralty goes neither to the swift nor to the strong, but to Sir John Patrick O'Brien

A loyal and industrious servant of Tammany Hall for thirty-five years, Sir John Patrick O'Brien, Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre, becomes the Mayor of New York on January 1.

The same old Tammany will be in power, but its mask will have changed once again. In place of the playboy, Jimmy Walker, who was the toast of the town in the gaudy years of the stock market boom, whose wisecracks and peccadilloes endeared him to multitudes gone Babylonian in mood because of easy money, Tammany has elevated to the Mayor's chair a very different marionette.

The showmen of the Wigwam will pull the strings as usual. But a pious, laborious dullard will dance on the stage at City Hall, doing his darnedest for those he serves without a trace of the nimble wit which made Walker such a delightful Pierrot.

Strange as it may seem, the new Mayor of the greatest city in the world was picked primarily because he was devout and respectable beyond all cavil. A little while before election it was made evident to the leaders of Tammany, still fond of their Jimmy, that the darling of the night-clubs had offended the respectable, "home-loving" people of power within his party too gravely to make his prospective race for vindication practical.

No callous indifference to the public good had caused his downfall. It was his escapades, rather, with an actress delightfully labeled by a legislative inquiry, "the Unknown Person," though all the town knew her, which made his candidacy impossible.

There is so much of social and political significance in the career of John P. O'Brien, the man who takes Jimmy's place after the brief interregnum of Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee, and in the way Tammany adapted itself to the feelings and prejudices of its constituency so as to continue in power, that some detailed review may be valuable.

John Patrick O'Brien was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, February 1, 1873, the son of Patrick and Mary E. Gibbons O'Brien, both of whom came to this country from Tipperary, in Ireland. In his boyhood, the Mayor-elect told his audiences dur-

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ing the recent campaign, he knew what it was to be discriminated against by an older American stock, and the memory of his early griefs and struggles will go with him into the Mayor's chair.

He will not have any prejudice against "the American race," he says, but his peculiar delight is in the company, the love and friendship of the foreign-born and the children of immigrants. He feels himself more at home among them.

Three influences above all others have shaped O'Brien's life: his church, his personal fight for means and a position of respect in the New World, and Tammany Hall, the organization he has served so long and which has raised him to eminence.

Poverty colored his early years. His father was at one time superintendent of Father Matthew's Hall, in Greene Street, Worcester, and it was in that Massachusetts city that John O'Brien found his first personal idol — a man to emulate. The man was James B. Carroll, a local lawyer of Irish stock, then a prominent alumnus of Holy Cross College, and later a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Carroll, knighted by the Pope as O'Brien himself has been, was so devout a churchman that when he lay dying last January he remarked to the Bishop of Springfield, who was sitting beside him, "I have lived my life for this day." He had faith that he was starting for Heaven.

O'Brien has that faith also. He is a little back of Carroll, but he is on his way, and his destination is a matter of supreme importance to him. Consequently, in that voyage, he will follow his guides, the clergy, implicitly; just as in his political soaring he has followed his Tammany leaders faithfully.

Already the callous chuckles of New York sophisticates are aroused at mention of O'Brien's name, because of his campaign speeches, which teemed with sentimental and laughable absurdities. As one of the reporters of those absurdities in the press, I have laughed with the town, but I do hold the man in some respect and esteem for all that.

CONSIDER the janitor's boy in a Worcester slum, back in the early 'Eighties, in the Anglo-Saxon Massachusetts midlands, where the Micks were Micks and did the dirtier work for an upper class which exploited them. Young Johnny O'Brien had sense enough to pick a good man for model in the late Supreme Court Justice Carroll. Granted the mediocre intellect, he had ambition, the power and the will to toil, a phenomenal tenacity, an absolute loyalty to the persons and institutions in which he has believed, and flaming patriotism.

Johnny O'Brien was a slim, handsome lad, with curly black hair and a bulldog's fighting jaw, who studied diligently for all he learned. The black hair has vanished, but the underslung jaw remains. His slimness has changed to a corpulence which accentuates his shortness of stature, and his slender legs are slightly bowed, as if the weight they carried were a little too much for them. He carries himself with a conscious dignity these days, proud of his high office, willing to be affable, but never frivolous.

In his high school days he joined a

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debating society and started the combative forensic exercises which later were to help him earn a modest living. He worked his way through Holy Cross College and Georgetown Law School with the aid of scholarships; prizes won by titanic wrestling bouts against big books in which the devilish exactitudes of meaning constantly eluded or tripped him. O'Brien doesn't understand them to this day, but he's still in the ring and fighting doughtily.

With a law degree acquired at Georgetown in 1897, he came to New York City and was admitted to the bar. He joined a Tammany district club and worked for it. Three years later when a new Tammany administration was rewarding the faithful with the spoils of office, they honored John P. O'Brien by making him an assistant corporation counsel.

O'Brien remained in the Corporation Counsel's office for twenty-one years, most of that time in the obscurity and semi-poverty of the genteel law clerk. His was not the type of ambition to go jumping fences toward greener pastures. He accepted the modest salary that accompanied his political position, and actually labored at the job in hand. He never was a time server. He was a stout wheel horse, tugging away at the load of details in cases brought into the real estate condemnation bureau, the personal tax bureau, the franchise division and the division which sometimes enforces the building and tenement house laws.

For nineteen years other men in the Corporation Counsel's office got all the glory and far more money than O'Brien. The future Mayor of New York sat tight, worked hard and awaited reward.

In his campaign speeches this autumn, O'Brien, then Surrogate at $25,000 a year by gift of Tammany Hall, delivered sage counsel to the youth of the city in the Greek, Italian, French, Hungarian, and other hyphenated American Democratic clubs. "Join Tammany Hall and work for it," he counseled. "Reward may be long in coming, and the way seem dark at times. Stay loyal. Stay put. Don't leave your party. Reward will come." He shouted these words again and again, sincerely and honestly from the depths of his kindly heart. His own life exemplified the truth of them to him, and he was giving the best advice he knew to the youth in front of him, as well as serving his beloved party.

O'Brien's first reward of any consequence came in 1920. Mayor John F. Hylan, the product of an uneasy temporary alliance between William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, and Tammany Hall, sat in the Mayor's chair at that time, or sometimes leaped out of it, crusading for the people.

Mayor Hylan needed a man whose mental processes would go along sympathetically with his own, at the same pace and level. He needed a faithful Achates to stand with him in his fights against "the interests," and being a Brooklynite and a Hearst man, he needed enormously a man who had the confidence of Tammany.

O'Brien was just such a man. By twenty-two years of staying loyal and working for the organization,

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O'Brien had won the absolute confidence of the Wigwam leaders. He was a good soldier. They knew he would obey their orders unquestioningly, and fight for his party up to the limits of his ability.

Mayor Hylan appointed him Corporation Counsel of the City of New York. O'Brien was as proud as Punch. He then became, as he said often during the recent campaign, "the head of the largest law office in the world." As a good Tammany man he immediately set out to make it larger. He asked for twenty-one more assistants, at salaries from $3,500 to $7,500, and obtained them from the Board of Estimate. He added them to Tammany's patronage.

In all the curious imbroglios of the Hylan régime, O'Brien stood shoulder to shoulder with his chief, assailing "the interests" in franchise cases, in gas and electric light rate cases, in suits to uphold the five-cent fare and to maintain the city's rights against the New York Central Railroad. His big voice, booming from a chest like a stevedore's, echoed through the halls of justice, and if at times he and his Mayor learned that the informed, trained mind can frustrate an honest soul, however valiant, that was just too bad. The world is wicked.

They did very little damage to "the interests," and they had the conscious satisfaction of having fought the good fight for their people.

O'BRIEN's loyalty to Mayor Hylan even carried him into the ridiculous suit of trying to bar an irreverent reporter from meetings of the Board of Estimate. Hylan tried it. It was up to O'Brien to find the law to justify it and try to put it over in court. O'Brien dug back through his law books until he found a case in English common law which upheld the right of municipal assemblies to bar the public from their deliberations. It was not an overpowering precedent, but it was the best obtainable. O'Brien argued it in court with a straight face and diligence. Counsel for the reporter's newspaper merely cited the provision of the city charter, requiring the public's presence at Board of Estimate meetings in which the city's business is finally transacted. The courts threw Hylan's and O'Brien's plea out the window, and the reporter resumed his accustomed seat in City Hall. The reverence of the press for Hylan and O'Brien was not increased, though O'Brien had merely taken orders and done his best.

In 1922, the late Charles F. Murphy, then leader of Tammany Hall, shelved Surrogate John P. Cohalan, a brother of former Supreme Court Justice Daniel F. Cohalan, and made one of the numerous bi-partisan deals with the local Republican organization in New York City, whereby Mr. O'Brien was elevated to the Surrogate's bench with scant opposition in the election.

Again the O'Brien philosophy of life, which after all is nothing more nor less than the doctrine of Samuel Smiles and the copy-book maxims, was justified. "Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever." "Early to bed and early to rise." "Seest thou a man diligent about his business?" Take a look at O'Brien.

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The Surrogate's job is for fourteen years and pays $25,000 a year. It is as dignified as the see of an archbishop. If the O'Brien manner began to lean toward the pompous, who will blame the boy who had climbed so far? He had one virtue to which persons familiar with the Surrogate Court will testify.

He brought a sympathetic, even sentimental spirit into the business of settling estates, and into attempts to reconcile warring families, so that they would not eat up their heritage in fruitless litigation. The percentage of settled will cases rose steadily under the O'Brien régime. He worked as hard as he always had done. He was quite happily out of the limelight which beat upon him so pitilessly during Mayor Hylan's mayoralty.

Surrogate O'Brien wrote a 95,000-word legal decision in the Erlanger will case, whereby a certain Charlotte Fixel obtained the rights of common law wife in the estate of the late theatrical celebrity. That decision of O'Brien's was longer than the average novel, and he worked six months at it. When it was finished he was sure his meaning was clear and his decision so bulwarked by legal precedents that it was unassailable.

In 1924, as a friend of Marcus Garvey, president of the Universal Negro Improvement Society, Surrogate O'Brien addressed a gathering of 5,000 Negroes in Madison Square Garden, sympathizing with their leader's ambition to establish a great Negro State in Africa. He told them quite truthfully that he was a friend of the Negro race, as, indeed, he is a friend of all the races with representatives in New York City's voting population. The more votes the greater the friendship.

In 1926, he traveled abroad with his family, collecting books for Holy Cross College, his Alma Mater, for which he was chairman of a Library Council. He pointed out to his sons that the names on the graves of American soldiers who had fallen on the field of honor in France were representative of all the races under the sun.

From this he deduced for them, he told campaign audiences later, that "America is a real melting pot," in which the gold of fine citizenship is refined from the oppressed of all lands. "That is the charm of American life," he said.

In 1927 he was elected president of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick. In 1929, he helped organize the Guild of Catholic Lawyers, with Cardinal Hayes as spiritual adviser. Through all the years of his rise in Tammany he was a member of the Holy Name Society, the Knights of Columbus and the American-Irish Historical Society.

With the prestige acquired by the Surrogate's position, he became an orator for church societies at their great annual feasts, and his orations bore down heavily on the need for a deeper religious spirit in this age, and for higher standards of morality in the community.

In these addresses, he has often assailed divorce as an unmitigated evil. He has inveighed against the practice of birth control, against the weakening of parental authority over children and against the immoralities of stage and screen. He has vehemently denounced Socialists, pacifists and Communists, lump-

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ing them all together as "foes of our great Republic." Oratorically he has described New York City as "the greatest Catholic city in all the world," as, indeed, it is — and also the greatest Jewish city in all the world, and one of the largest Protestant communities; three facts which Tammany recognizes always in making up slates for elections.

But O'Brien is preëminent as a Catholic lay leader. On January 15, 1931, with thirteen other prominent Catholic laymen, he became a Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre, in impressive ceremonies at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The Knights of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre, of which O'Brien is a Knight Commander, is an international Roman Catholic order, with a membership of about a hundred in this country and about 2,000 abroad. Their ritual is said to go back to Godfrey de Bouillon and the Crusaders of the Middle Ages. In ceremonials, the Knights wear white robes with black facings, have gold spurs and gold swords and are adorned with gold crosses.

Other knights are John McCormack, the tenor, Patrick McGovern, the subway builder, Supreme Court Justices Victor J. Dowling, Richard P. Lydon and Louis A. Valente of New York, and similar metropolitan notables.

At their initiation into the Order, the Knights pledge themselves to live as good Christians, to avoid everything which might stain the name of their order and to apply themselves "with zeal and devotion to the development and maintenance of Catholicism in the Holy Land."

On October 11, soon after Surrogate O'Brien's nomination for the mayoralty, he was a speaker at a mass meeting of laymen in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Manhattan, to organize a society for "Catholic action" on all moral and religious issues. At the time the invitations for this meeting were sent out, the type of issue to which it was said that the organization would apply itself was the recent expulsion of Jesuits from Spain, the treatment of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico and the teaching of birth control in Puerto Rico.

The desirability of approaching political questions from a religious viewpoint has been stressed by O'Brien consistently. Early this year at a breakfast in the Hotel Astor given by the Knights of Columbus, he deplored the fact that "so few Catholics are in our national Government."

"In our present economic situation," he told the Knights, "with its outgrowth of communism and enemies within and without, Catholics should be the props of our great Republic."

O'BRIEN'S nomination for the mayoralty was agreed upon on October 6 by the five county leaders of the Democratic party, prior to a city convention of more than 20,000 delegates in Madison Square Garden, which ratified with disappointment their leaders' decision to desert ex-Mayor Walker.

The dominant need of that hour was to inject harmony into a badly disrupted party, so as to rescue, if possible, John F. Curry's leadership of Tammany, which was sinking

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steadily because of the leader's ineptitudes, and to assure the electoral vote of New York State for the Roosevelt-Garner national ticket. That was what brought about O'Brien's nomination for Mayor; the exodus of Walker from political life and the temporary stymie for Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee, ambitious, able and reputable.

Before ex-Mayor Walker resigned his office, rather than face what appeared to be his imminent ouster by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, he obtained an agreement from John F. Curry and John H. McCooey, the boss of the Democratic party in Brooklyn, that they would back him, if he desired, in a "vindication" race for reëlection. Between that time and the city convention, these two bosses ostensibly offered ex-Mayor Walker the renomination. He was induced, however, to withdraw rather than disrupt the party in the national election by a candidacy which must inevitably have cut deeply into Franklin D. Roosevelt's vote for the Presidency.

The political wiseacres of New York City have declared that Walker's withdrawal was sure in mid-September, after a funeral sermon which the Reverend Monsignor John P. Chidwick preached over the bier of the late "Marty" McCue, a Tammany leader who was clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

In his sermon, paying tribute to the private life of the departed Tammany leader, Monsignor Chidwick said:

"Would to God that every public man, who stands as an example to young men, who is regarded as a hero in their eyes, would be careful to understand that he is not only an official, but a guide and an inspiration." He said much more to the same effect, stressing McCue's faithful home life, his virtues as husband and father and his high level of morality.

Shortly thereafter it became current in politics that ex-Mayor Walker had deeply offended powerful leaders in the city's Democracy by his undisguised ramblings in the Bright Light section — by revelations of his paying large sums of money to that pretty musical comedy star who recently sailed on the same boat with him toward distant India, and perhaps the future pleasures of residence in Paris and along the Riviera.

That Tammany Hall was deeply agitated in September is obvious. It was decided shortly after that funeral service that the beloved playboy must be set aside; and that in his place must come some man of surpassing piety, of irreproachable home life and of active church work, so that the proper ideal of a public servant might once again be held up to youth.

John Patrick O'Brien met the sought-for specifications. Indeed, after Mr. Curry had consulted carefully with his advisers, it was said that only Surrogate O'Brien and Surrogate Foley, son-in-law of the late Charles F. Murphy, were in his mind. Surrogate Foley was found once more, as on several other occasions in recent years, to be unavailable for political advancement, because of his wife's unalterable opposition to a political career.

Mrs. Foley, daughter of the late Tammany leader, had suffered too deeply when her father was alive, it is reported, from attacks made upon

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him by political critics, and from distaste for many of the "rough-diamond" associates whom he brought home with him, to want her husband to exchange judicial dignities for the hurly-burly of political action. She had found her husband in politics, got him safely out of it and out of it he was going to remain if she had anything to say about it.

That left O'Brien. McKee was a temporary small obstacle. He wanted to be Mayor. He also wanted to put through an "economy programme" that would spell disaster to much Tammany patronage. He was a Bronx Democrat and an ally of Roosevelt.

Tammany liked neither McKee nor Roosevelt, but a political crisis requires some compromise. Tammany had not liked Lieutenant Governor Herbert Lehman either, but Lehman had obtained the nomination for Governor upon the insistence of Alfred E. Smith and Roosevelt.

The five Democratic leaders met and framed the perfect compromise. McKee's leader, Edward Flynn of the Bronx, tossed the Acting Mayor's ambitions overboard. Curry and McCooey tossed Walker overboard. Curry obtained the right to name any man he wished, upon his agreement to throw the great Tammany vote-getting engine into high speed to roll up a stupendous victory for the straight party ticket, headed by Roosevelt.

Curry named O'Brien, who was startled at first at having such a high position conferred upon him, then awed, temporarily humble and permanently grateful, and finally suspicious that he might after all have some true greatness within him. He has, indeed. He is Nature's greatest gift to political bossism; a respectable, virtuous, half-Americanized, follower of his party's boss, whoever that boss may be. He believes in his party, and being incapable of leading it himself, he will follow its leader with a loyal devotion and industry worthy of a better cause.

UNFORTUNATELY there is no better practical political cause in New York City today — at least in municipal politics — than the continued rule of Tammany Hall. The campaign which swept O'Brien into office by the greatest majority ever given a Mayor of New York, albeit his vote lagged back of that of his ticket leaders, demonstrated anew the population's justifiable conviction of that. It has been demonstrated again and again.

Tammany rule has been painted in black stripes very often throughout the country, but the low nature of its pseudo-opposition, the local Republican machine, has had little advertisement. Yet the Republican leaders are acquiescent partners to a great many Tammany deals. They help in the creation of new and sometimes unnecessary offices — for the *quid pro quo* of an appropriate share in the spoils. They coöperate by endorsing Tammany candidates under fire. They close their eyes to a multiplicity of shady dealings by their nominal opponents. Latest of their many curious strategies was the bipartisan endorsement of Aron Steuer, son of Max Steuer, Tammany adviser, and Samuel Hofstadter, Republican chairman of the Seabury investigation — both for judicial positions.

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Having vitiated any claim to public respect by this particular deal, they nominated for the Mayoralty an aged party hack named Lewis Pounds — a good citizen, more than seventy years old, without quite the physical strength to make an effective campaign. The organization gave him no money and perfunctory support. It was "only fooling" in the war on Tammany, as it always has been.

The Socialists put up the veteran Morris Hillquit, and polled a good vote. But the only really interesting opposition to O'Brien was the written-in vote for Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee, amounting to 137,000 protests from upstanding citizens who wanted "good government." By that they meant a large cut in the budget and reduced taxes, which was not surprising, considering that they were the members of the voting population who would have to pay the taxes. There was, however, a much larger segment of the population who did not pay taxes, who in fact had hardly enough money to keep itself alive. These submerged hundreds of thousands were either dependent on charity or on the verge of becoming dependent; and charity in New York City very largely means Tammany Hall. Any good Tammany man will tell you that his organization is the largest, busiest and tenderest-hearted charitable society in the world, and there is no evidence to refute his statement. The district clubs are there to uphold it, always open to the distressed and needy. They get out the vote — for Tammany. O'Brien in his campaign speeches promised that there would be no end to Tammany generosity as long as it remained in power.

He made a shrewd campaign otherwise, too, however much the reporters chuckled at it, and the editorial writers lampooned it. His campaign slogan, "A kiddie in every home," met with the approbation of nearly all his constituents, and always does, as witness Hollywood's greatest successes. He declaimed sentimental poetry by John Boyle O'Reilly; he told the Greeks he loved the classics. If he slipped in telling the exiles from Hellas that he won a medal at Holy Cross for translating Horace, they failed to notice it. What they did notice was that the man was actually friendly, and that he was a close friend and eulogist of their neighborhood leaders, in whom they had faith.

Therefore, by grace of Tammany Hall, which has made a science of practical politics, and which works at it 365 days a year, New York City will have John P. O'Brien for Mayor for at least a year and maybe more. He and his organization will give the city in some respects a very good government, and in others a pretty bad one, which is exactly what one might expect from democracy.

New Yorkers will continue to have the finest police force in the country, a splendid water supply, excellent health services, magnificently regulated traffic, a fire department to which any fair-minded person must doff his hat, schools which adapt their standards with amazing flexibility to the many varying neighborhoods they serve, courts which reflect accurately the moral level of this community, subsidized trans-

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portation for the masses, who are too poor to pay their way; graft here and there, a municipal administrative machine which is unwieldy, expensive and in need of reform.

The taxpayers, a small minority, will pay the bills, whether they like it or not. When they begin to take the interest from day to day in the personal welfare of the submerged millions of New York City which Tammany's block and district leaders take, they may start obtaining from these people the better government which they profess to seek.

Under Mayor O'Brien our dole to the needy is sure to continue. In his private life he will be what Jimmy Walker never was, a guide and inspiration to youth, of whom all churchmen may well approve.

In 1908 he married a Miss Helen Madigan, whom he met in church work. They have five children, Gerard, Betty, James, Lawrence, and John Gibbons. The elder O'Briens are devoted parents. The Mayor himself has been thrifty and is a man of substance. One of the children is now at Harvard. In another generation, or perhaps two, our O'Briens, a worthy family, may be merged undistinguishably as may other New York families, into what the Mayor-elect, now semi-alien, is wont to call "the American race."

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Something Better Than Railroads

By Robert W. Kelso

Why throw away money on the old system when the new is already at hand?

"My lord! that was close! William, do let's hunt a camp and get off this road till tomorrow morning. Look out! There comes another! And he's driving right in the middle!"

William, the owner of a modest chariot on rubber, sat gripping the wheel, one ear cocked backwards toward the rear seat and his eyes fixed on that narrow strip of slab hemmed in on one side by a soft shoulder and on the other by a procession of vans arriving about one each minute. They loped along in single, double and triple hitch, conveying household goods, garden truck, manufactured products in uniform cartons, boats, steel bridge girders, bales, barrels and huge wooden boxes, cows, pigs and pottery. They looked for all the world like a fleet of hijackers who had stalled a transcontinental freight and were making off with her entire cargo.

But to William's eye, and to those nervous spectacles in the rear seat, they looked like Juggernauts claiming the entire highway as a sacred possession, bent upon crushing him and his family. The man who drives his own motor on the long trek, to add to the enjoyment of his journey or to avoid the high rail tariffs, quickly finds that his share of the slab is dangerously small. Passenger buses and freight vans, organized into fleets by transportation companies that are largely controlled by the railroads themselves, have made freight roads out of our costly vehicular highways.

The railroads of the United States from the time of Stephenson's English Rocket and the old "Boston and Lowell," with its wooden rails, down to the present moment, with a power unit that will haul one hundred loaded freight cars aggregating five or six thousand tons, are affectionately referred to as the great developer of America; almost, we might say, as the father of progress. And there can be no doubt that the picture of an American railroad, pushing its rail-head out through virgin forest, around the eternal hills and across wide-stretching valleys, with villages dotted in its wake, is one of the great spectacles of modern progress. America, with natural resources apparently unlimited, with a European population hunger-

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ing for new fields, and held back only by an ocean that was compassed if not conquered, was bound to develop. The only question was how: and the answer to that question was the steam engine. The invention of the day, adapting the steam engine to traction, was the need of the hour. That discovery having been made, Europe poured capital into America; the old towns of the Atlantic seaboard extended themselves to develop the new trek to the West; Governments granted railroad companies vast concessions in rights of way — every other township across entire States — vast stretches of property, to be forever the possession of the company, in return for the great public service rendered by pushing their utility out across the prairies.

In this pleasant picture of a wonderful development in a new land, it is just possible that we forget the central point upon which the whole of it rested. Aside from the fact that the railroad became mechanically possible at the moment when it was needed for the development of our country, the entire process can be analyzed down to one factor—*the application of the steam engine to traction.*

Stephenson's Rocket was a two cylinder machine with a primitive boiler and fire-box. With a full complement of water it weighed four and a half tons. The latest type of freight locomotive weighs three hundred and fifty tons, has from eight to twelve drive wheels and a tractive power as high as one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. Efficient condensation, superheating and a marvelous acquisition of heating surface make it capable of hauling more than two miles of freight cars.

But in this splendid development of a piece of mechanism the elemental fact remains that the pressure of steam on a piston connected with a driver to rotate wheels and pull a weight is the one requisite — the single basis — upon which all other elements of our railway system rest.

The logician would say at once, "Ah, well, if it all rests upon the steam engine, then when a newer and more serviceable instrument shall be developed, the old engine with its steel-rimmed wheels and its tons of weight will be a back number." This logic can not be escaped: it is the truth. Whatever there may be that we call sacred about our glorious past, we must not make the mistake of assuming that there is anything sacred about the railroads. We stand facing the future. If the railroads can serve us in that future, then we are for the railroads. If there is anything better, then we are for the newer instrument. Any other view would fall short of American practice and American character.

WHAT shall we say are the transportation needs of modern America? Are they to get a certain number of carloads of freight through the Eastern gateway in a given time? Are they to develop a ton-mile hauling capacity that will make shipments from the Northwest economical for delivery on the Atlantic seaboard for distribution or export? Are they to cut the traveling time between New York and Chicago so as to consume none of the business hours? The great need is for something broader than these.

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Modern society is nervous and intensely active. The need in transportation facilities is for the maximum of mobility, at a high degree of comfort and safety, making use of mechanical power to the utmost of its potentiality. The nerve centres of the nation are its cities. There its financial affairs are transacted. There to a large degree its thinking in science, in literature, in art, is carried on. From the city the leadership and, largely, the direction of affairs in the open spaces are provided. Quick and convenient transportation requires a net-work woven between these innumerable nerve centres of our civilization.

At present we have three special means of getting from city to city. The first is the railroad, oldest in point of time; the second is the automobile, so new that it squeaks and can be used only to a small fraction of its potentiality because of inappropriate highways; and the third is the airplane, just emerging from its cotyledonous stage of experimentation into commercial use.

In the employment of these three instruments of locomotion, our precaution is for safety, but our fever is for speed. Slow rates of travel will not do for us, if high speeds can be had. We have scant patience with time; and since the incoming of the radio, we are becoming disgustingly familiar with space. It is the moment, like that day in 1829 when Stephenson opened the throttle on the Rocket, for some great instrument of rapid transit to synchronize with a tremendous social need for a new epoch in our mode of living, and a new era in human relations. That new instrument is at hand.

The first locomotives were automobiles in the modern sense; they never were intended to run on steel rails. Their adaptation to a special track was due to their excessive weight, the need for smooth and continuous traction, and the elimination of grades. Hence the specialty which we now call the railroad locomotive. But man was not discouraged about a self-propelled wagon on the king's highway. He kept at it. He built steam engines and figured out new boiler equipment which would make steam rapidly.

The railway locomotive probably has reached its maximum of productive capacity. Triumph of mechanism though it is, it still remains a delicate instrument, costly, ponderous and difficult to maintain. Its major effort must always be expended upon its own huge bulk. There is scant room left at the top in the development of the steam power unit for traction.

By contrast the automobile is hardly out of its experimental stage. Drivers, not yet gray, are the same enthusiasts who were hewers of wood and drawers of water for primitive automobiles that had to be nursed and cajoled through every painful mile. Nevertheless, the present performance of this smoothly working giant is the marvel of our time; and it promises a future greater than its past.

Just as the injection of steam into a closed chamber to produce motion by its pressure is the essential element of the steam engine, so the detonation of an explosive gas in a similar closed chamber for the same purpose is the essential element of

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the internal combustion engine. The automobile and the airplane rest upon the same element. To put it in another way, the steam locomotive and the automobile are cousins, while the automobile and the airplane are sisters. We may expect to find, therefore, that experiments in the development of the automobile will help aviation and *vice versa*.

Within a single generation the internal combustion engine has grown from a single-cylinder contraption, quite as homely and as ungainly as the first steam carriages, to a compact unit that will deliver more than a horsepower per pound of its weight. The performance of this engine in its highest development is well illustrated by the world's fastest airplane flight, that of Lieutenant Stainsforth of the British Royal Air Force who, in 1931, drove a plane at the rate of 407.5 miles an hour. His engine weighed 1,630 pounds and developed 2,300 horsepower, or one horsepower for every seven-tenths pounds of weight. We now have automobiles developed in regular stock that can travel one hundred miles an hour with safety. The riddle of speed with safety already has become less a problem of the car than it is a question of the roadway and the regulation of traffic thereon.

The internal combustion engine is to the present moment in the world's affairs what the steam locomotive was to the world of a hundred years ago. It is the maker of the new century in transportation. Mounted on rubber tires, ten times tougher than iron, it takes rich and poor away from the day's work, free for the moment from the struggle for a living, carries them quickly into the green ways of the country, gives them a change and a rest, and fortifies them for the nervous readjustments of the city. It changes in this way the whole tempo of life. Because it is an instrument of great power, it has developed almost a mania for quick transit — high speed in everything. It cultivates a demand for ease and luxury too great for the individual purse to bear. There is hardly a phase of personal relations in the life of the city dweller that has not been invaded and changed by the automobile.

This new invention can now haul more freight per ton mile of equipment than the steam locomotive. Because of its freedom from special trackage it simplifies processes of loading and delivery. In comparison with its greatest development the finest express train is, scientifically speaking, an antique.

ACCURATE comparative statistics of capacity are lacking thus far; but the inroads made by the passenger bus and the motor carrier upon the business of the steam railways is eloquent of their power in competition and their growing favor with the public. In 1931, inter-city and inter-State passenger buses collected $191,000,000 in fares from 395,000,000 passengers. The average rate was two and eighty-five hundredths cents a mile. In that same year more than 23,000 new buses were purchased, more than half of them for expansion. Though the private automobile has taken more passengers from the railroads than have the bus carriers, the competition of the bus has been so severe as to drive the railroads

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into intensive publicity campaigns to attract passengers.

The advertising campaign of the Pullman Company to increase the use of its equipment; the new door-to-door freight service by which containers loaded by the shipper are trucked to the railroads, hauled to the railroad point nearest to destination and trucked to the consignee's door; the readjustment of tariffs by lifting excess fares, running special excursion rates at the prevailing bus fares, and many other expedients, disclose the desperate position of the old iron Goliath against this agile new David of the vehicular highways.

The householder who must transplant his home and goods to a distant city has a front seat view of the way in which this competition beats the rails. He has, perhaps, a full freight car load of furniture and those useless heirlooms that clutter up a home and make its memory sacred. He can send them in two motor vans one thousand miles for about twenty-five cents a mile per van, and have the entire job completed in four days. There has been but one loading. He will notice no difference between this long trek and the usual job of being moved from one section of the city to another — except the three extra days.

If, however, he wishes to send the same goods by railroad he must first have them moved by motor van to a warehouse where, to suit railroad regulations, every piece must be crated. The cost of this crating will equal the transportation of one of his cross country vans. And it will take a week or ten days. Then he must get a car, have it loaded, watch for it at the station of his destination and be careful that he does not face demurrage charges through his own oversight or the neglect of his agents who are to call for the goods. Finally comes a third move from the freight terminus to his new home. If good fortune smiles upon this venture, the householder may count upon finding himself settled in the new home within fifteen days, and the cost, while in theory it could be considerably less than the overland method, will actually figure out a fraction more. Delay and wear and tear so far overbalance the advantages of motor transport that the man who has chosen the rail method usually sighs at the end of the experiment and recalls the old adage that three moves are as bad as a fire. He resolves to use the highways next time.

Already railroad publicity is hushing its former repartee that the public who travel by bus are strangers to the luxuries of rail travel, anyway. More and more the motor bus is meeting the convenience of the traveling public and harder and harder has become the effort of the railroads to maintain their half-empty passenger trains.

But passenger traffic is the lesser source of railway profits. Freight is their real dependence. In this field they have sustained the more severe competition. The motor carrier conveys merchandise from door to door with no delay and no trans-shipment. In addition to these savings in time, labor and wear and tear, the truck is measurably faster than the freight train between stations. So convenient is the new unit that trade journals are busy recording rapid extension of its activities. *Business*

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Week for January 6, 1932, reported that so far in that season motor trucks had captured thirty per cent of the orange and grapefruit haul from the Rio Grande Valley. Cotton seed traffic is practically all truck now. We find from other sources that a third of the cotton crop now goes to the Gulf ports by truck. The family driver with his wife and children in his car, will long ago have noticed that new automobiles now go in a rubber-tired train euphemistically styled a truck. There is nothing carried by rail, including ponderous structural steel, that is not also carted over our public highways by truck.

And this revolution in method is coming about, not by conscious design — the best business brains in the nation have fought violently to prevent it — but rather because the motor truck is an improvement over the rail carrier. It is more convenient, speedier, cheaper, at least in the end. Consequently, the supremacy over the old iron horse is inevitable.

If this claim for the new method in transport is established, we may expect to find that our chief excuse for sticking to the railroad as a primary system of transportation is the force of habit and the reluctance of vested interests to abandon existing values for things that are new and financially speculative. It is a peculiar circumstance in human history that we build progress as the coral shells are builded into reefs: by slow deposit of the things of the present upon the skeletons of the past, until by and by the structure rises above the surface and becomes a new thing under the sun.

When we built our first automobiles we thought we had to make them just like the old carriages with the horses left off. We set the seat up high so that we could see out over the horse, even though he wasn't there. We put the engine in front and nursed the power backward through three changes in direction to the rear wheels. In fact, we did all these funny things with an automobile chiefly because our mind picture of a vehicle is the old picture that our grandfathers knew.

Rarely does the form in which a new invention is embodied start out new and without precedent among the things familiar as of long ago. The human mind will struggle hard and long before it can see a new system of transportation, without the familiar steel rails and all the paraphernalia necessary to control and direct a transportation unit that weighs five thousand tons.

But the day of the old gravity traction has gone, and the day of new rubber-shod traction has come. The modern urbanized, mechanized world finds itself with all the makings of a new era in transportation ready at hand. The internal combustion engine is already sufficiently developed to guarantee ample power, cheaply and continuously delivered. The chemical laboratory is hunting new fuels of greater power and less weight. The electric furnace is heating new kinds of metal of greater tensile strength, more durability and lighter weight. Every department of science is working to make this new marvel do more things and do them better.

Woven like a spider's web from

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city to city, along winding streams and up the gradient of beautiful hills, stretch the new highways of our hurrying world. Past ancient dwellings, cutting through the roots of time-worn elms, the new avenue that once was a country turnpike straightens itself. Across the open country, in the more progressive sections, the townless highway projects its gray shaft in the deadly earnest of straight lines, and on these highways motors of all sorts and descriptions are forever speeding.

But as the days go by, the observant traveler sees more and more of the liberties of our highways monopolized for the transportation of freight and of passengers in the mass. By day the local truck, and especially the automobile carrier, meets the eye of the motorist through almost every vista. By night, the transport van, running anywhere from 100 to 3,000 miles on each trip, fills up the highway so as to leave only a dangerously narrow margin for night driving.

These are the accumulating signs of congestion. Our system of vehicular roads is ill adapted to rapid transport. Most thoroughfares contain dangerous right angle turns and almost all of them meander through ill-paved streets and alleys or overtaxed main streets of every municipality they serve.

This intricate network of roads struggles to keep up with the insistent demand for hard-surfaced ways that will carry traffic at high speed. At the same time it is trying, at a cost of billions of dollars, to satisfy a rising clamor for freight and bus passenger transport. The same demand that is running governments into debt for highway construction is cutting into the legitimate business of the railroads so deeply that nothing but burdensome tariffs can save the rails.

The present experiment of Federal loans to the railways, in view of the decline of our present transport methods, can mean little else than a mortgage soon to be foreclosed on a liability rather than investment in an asset. It is wholly thinkable that the national Government may find itself involved in the ownership of railroads through this expedient of lending money upon them, only to dispose of them back to their old owners for junk, to be redeveloped later into motor transport highways. This likelihood is all the greater in view of the present trend of ownership in motor bus company stock. About one-fourth of the transport bus industry is now controlled by a small group in which the railroads hold a controlling interest, so that the people of the United States are already to a considerable extent paying out tax money to bolster up a business that is failing chiefly through the competition of carriers owned by the railroads themselves. This simple example of the jackassedness of our democracy may be expected to grow daily more obvious. To state it in another way, the people of the United States are paying billions for the purpose of wrecking their own railroad systems. Admittedly it will cost billions to change the American transport system from steam and rails to gasoline, rubber and wings, but it should be done by saving the existing values rather than by jamming our highways and wrecking our railroads.

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As we scan our automobile maps and see the intricate maze of hard-surfaced highways, we must not overlook that other greatest network of highways that man has ever built, the American railroads. They stretch away from city to city, 254,000 miles, practically free from grades. There are no dangerous curves. They already have a fair degree of freedom from crossing interference. They are relatively little used — a few trains a day — even though it is now practicable for light, high-speed units, inexpensive to operate, to pass over them every minute just as they pass over our motor highways.

Every element now exists for transport by the internal combustion engine. Twenty years of experimentation have developed the hard-surfaced road to a high point of smoothness and durability, with a minimum of suction and a low percentage of skidding hazard under moisture. The steam-driven train, with its tremendous weight and high consumption of energy merely to carry its own weight, can be replaced by a smaller, lighter, more economical unit that will do the same work. All that stands in the way is the conservatism of the investor and the practical difficulty of making the financial transformation.

The railroads of the United States are now valued at twenty-six billion dollars. They owe twelve billion dollars. It might easily cost another twelve billions to make the complete change to the rubber-shod transport way. If, however, the public were minded to insist upon a single system of transport, and that system the most modern, the expense from year to year in making such a revolutionary change would be largely offset through the savings in waste now caused by ruinous and futile competition.

With the making of the new era now before us, how shall we picture the future of the transcontinental train? It is mounted on rubber; it runs on a broad four-track concrete highway, with no steep grades and no dangerous curves. It travels at one hundred miles an hour, and can stop within one-fifth or one-sixth of the distance now required by the express train. The inside lanes of this highway carry expresses; its outside lanes an accommodation service similar to the best grade of highway bus service of today. At intervals of every few miles is a concreted area running off at an angle, where airplanes — an integrated part of the system — may land and depart at all directions of the wind. Instead of a multitude of companies paralleling each other, sinking fabulous sums in duplicating equipment, and requiring higher tariffs because of the waste, we shall find consolidation into the great American transport system, so that the bus, the transcontinental express, and the high-speed plane are synchronized in a single system.

It is a dream set in high color, yet no element of it is impossible, nor even at the present moment impracticable. It calls for a new transport era greater than the railroad era of the last century. It foreshadows fabulous investment in a useful future as contrasted with fabulous losses in higher rates to bolster up a system now dying a natural death.

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Why Are Hospitals?

By Lorine Pruette

Evidently they are not to relieve suffering

"No, ma'am, I ain't gonna go to no horsepital." Old Uncle Jake pleaded and scolded and would not go; he preferred to die among the known discomforts and filth of his own cabin.

In my part of the country it is very common to hear the darkies cry out so, in utter terror, "Please suh, boss, doan take me to no *horsepital*."

Ignorance? Superstition? Obviously. Unnecessary and absurd terror? Well, I am not so sure. For here am I, supposedly modern, scientific, a faddist for efficiency, community organization, etc., etc. And I feel pretty much as Uncle Jake did. Once upon a time I used to say briskly, coolly, "Why, of course, a hospital is the only place for sick people." That was before I had been in hospitals. Now that I have been inside of them as a patient, I am not so convinced that hospitals are for sick people. Why *are* hospitals, anyway? After being in some of them I have the absurd feeling that they are for doctors and nurses, with the sick people just necessary evils — stage properties, perhaps.

Now, nothing very terrible ever happened to me in a hospital. I have no tale of horrors to relate. Nobody ever sewed up the extra towel or the scissors in me, nor swapped any babies on me, nor gave me blood poisoning for lack of sanitation — nothing like that. This is merely a commonplace account of a reaction against hospitals that has grown in me until it has now reached the boiling over point, all from relatively trivial causes. But these trivial irritations reveal, I believe, a philosophy back of hospitals which is not trivial, and it is against this finally that my fury is directed.

The other night I went to a hospital, a big one in the largest city of one of our Eastern seaboard States. I went because I had been traveling north in a condition of extreme pain, and I had reached the point where I felt I had to cast the responsibility on some one else. Once I would have held that hospitals are: (1) places organized for the relief of suffering; (2) places where a suffering man or woman can let slide the burden of deciding what he ought to do next about coping with his suffering. Both these suppositions are wrong. I knew they were, but the other night I was too sick not to turn hopefully once more to the concept of a hospital that had been inculcated in me

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long before my own experiences began to give it the lie. Down in Tennessee I had been having this pain in my head and I had found relief in a glass of corn, nicely aged in the wood, whiskey being one of the pleasantest methods of checking neuralgic pains. I had also been to a dentist, who said he thought that there was nothing the matter with my teeth except that they needed cleaning. Then I had been to a specialist who said that my tonsils were all right as far as he could see and my sinuses looked clear, except the ethmoids for which he gave me some drops which I faithfully used. I had also been to a general practitioner who said I needed cod-liver oil or thyroid extract and gave me some medicine said to be full of vitamines, which I took as long as I could by telling myself that the awful smell was really like caviar on a large scale. A very large scale. Then a medical student said this was giving me kidney stripes under my eyes and that it was really decomposed animal grease, and the next time I took that cold slime I thought heroically of caviar and was sick for six hours. The whiskey really did help my head. Only I left it behind.

Then I started traveling and the pain started getting bigger. It was a life-size pain before I got to Washington. I took forty-five grains of aspirin within a short time, and decided to call it a day on aspirin. Then I tried Marston's theory, a psychological one, of not struggling against the pain, accepting it, observing it, timing it, welcoming it back like an old friend. I have had this work with some pains, but not with this one. You might shake it by the hand like a brother but it would haul away and hit you a sock on the nose just the same.

Next I took a bunch of luminol tablets, a little flock, and slept mercifully for five hours, waking in the yelling stage. The pain had by now grown to be quite a big boy. My hostess offered me "a little dram" but I did not know her bootlegger; then she said she'd had a similar pain and she had some morphine tablets. I stuck one in my bag and started out. Of course we have all been taught that we must never, never take medicine prescribed for another person. Actually, I do prefer to know what I am taking so I did not plan to use that tablet.

But I did. The drug store would not sell me any codeine, and it took so long to rouse a doctor, get a prescription for codeine and get it filled. The anonymous pill could have had dynamite in it; I'd have tried it just the same. This is one of the beauties of our drug prohibitions, we can not buy what we ought to have and so take anything we can get our hands on. The advantage of getting codeine by prescription was that the timorous physician mixed the codeine with something that made me sick, and made the mixture so mild that five grains of aspirin did a better job.

And so, and still, *pain*. A collapse in a restaurant when I tried to eat something. Pain in every tooth, equally, in both cheeks, in my forehead, my nose, pain that threatened to blow my head off and I wished it would hurry and get the job done. So I went to a hospital, craving a shot of morphine, a night's sleep, a nurse's ministrations, somebody to manage things for me, hoping that by morning I would have enough sense

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to begin the weary round of specialists again.

THE hospital was told that I was in extreme pain. A wheel chair? Dear no, I can walk. But no, I must go up in the wheel chair. Two giggling little girls tried to push this along; they almost ran me into half a dozen doors, scaring the life out of a person who was holding on to her head like an enlarged egg likely to break before a whisper, and had a terrible time getting me into the elevator. I should have stood up and walked, but you see I was in the docile mood of dodging responsibility. Mother knows best. Wasn't that what hospitals were for? To know best?

A supervisor fluttered up to me and I was pushed — by the little girls — into various rooms. At first I was so sunk that I did not understand the supervisor's chirping. Finally I realized it was a choice of rooms. They all looked horrid, so I said the cheapest. After fifteen minutes two little girls got the bed made. By that time the clerks were on my trail. Hospital records must be made. Suppose the patient died before you found out his mother's maiden name? Suppose the patient died before you had a record of the number of miscarriages Mrs. So-and-So, aged sixty, had had in her youth? Suppose, oh horrors, the patient died before you found out all the sources of her husband's income? Efficiency? Here it is. The clerical department of a hospital, guaranteed to torment the patient's first hour.

Finally, I am left alone and get myself into bed. A friend with me goes out to say that I have had nothing to eat, the dinner hour being past and that I would like something simple. Word comes back eventually that they are trying to decide what specialist to call in, and that "when the doctor comes he will prescribe the patient's diet." I have not asked for a doctor; I do not need one; at the reception desk downstairs they have promised me that I can get the dose of morphine and a night's sleep without calling in a specialist. I need an interne or a nurse with a little hypodermic in her hand — and oblivion. But this, being what I need, is what I can not have. Hospitals have a system, especially the system that requires the attendance of a physician. Did you, in your ignorance, think that you could go to a hospital and ask for relief from pain? Did you think you could get into a hospital as easily as that? Heavens, no, it is like going to jail. You have to be sent there. The physician would not get a fee if the interne were allowed any function. Do you know what the interne is for? He is the scapegoat. He is the person that the hospital is always trying to find. He never is found. I have often wondered where he hides.

The frightened child who was "in charge of the floor" was well-meaning enough, but completely intimidated. She was in charge of the floor, of the patients, but far down in the mysterious hierarchy of the hospital. After a lapse of a considerable period of time — I was still in pain — I realized I would have to do a little thinking for myself, though this was what I had come to the hospital to avoid. Sometimes the hot water bottle had seemed to mitigate my pain, so I from my fearfully hard and backbending bed, take up again the re-

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sponsibility and ask my friend to go ask for a hot water bottle. The nurse was sorry, she said, but she was not allowed to give this till the interne came. Well, where is the interne? Oh, they are trying to find him. My friend who has been seething with rage for the last half hour — she knew I was suffering, you see, and wanted something done about it, an attitude probably unethical for a hospital staff — declared that she would leave the hospital and go get a hot water bottle. Then she tried to find some one down stairs with some authority. But the hierarchy was now completely invisible, no one anywhere but this frightened and ignorant child in charge of the floor. After much activity on the part of my friend, we heard through the open door a little voice telephoning up to the Angel Gabriel, or one of those who dwell on high, saying, "And she says she'll go out of the hospital and bring in a hot water bottle."

Shortly thereafter it was discovered that regulation 932, A second, permitted the hospital to supply a hot water bottle under such circumstances. When I stuck this against my icy feet — there was not enough cover — the little nurse exclaimed, "Oh, I could have let you have it for your feet, but not for your head." So if you go to this hospital, remember to say you want the hot water bottle for your feet.

Having warmed my feet, I put the hot water bottle to my cheek, where the little nurse was not allowed to put it and so lay, now grimacing and drawn in pain, now a little drowsy with the heat. Finally, an interne came out of hiding! A nice lad ambled in and took my history all over again, had I been married, how old was I and which side of my head was the pain on. The right side? He looked serious and went away. Then he came back to make sure that I had said it was on the right side. He said — he really was a nice lad — that he had had just the same kind of pain driving up from North Carolina after his Christmas vacation. Then he said he would have to call the chief of staff and get the specialist on eye, ear and nose and likewise throat and then he went away. He looked nice in his uniform. Internes should, I think, be decorative, since they are not allowed to be anything else.

More than two hours had now passed. My face was now twisted in a constant grimace. Nothing happened. Nothing continued to happen. Should I arise and go to a hotel and call a physician? How I wished I had done that in the first place! A Negro bell-hop who would take instructions would have looked much better to me just then than the starched blue and white nurses. Should I take more codeine, more aspirin, more luminol? All were there in my bag tempting me. But I did not know about mixing these with morphine, and I knew I had to have morphine. So I held off and held off. Then I felt I could hold off no more. At least I would take one tablet of aspirin. Just after I swallowed this, the specialist walked in.

THERE was a bedside manner for you! Really beautiful, impressive, confidence-generating. God had come. I relaxed trustfully as soon as I saw him. Then he told me that as soon as he came into the room he knew

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that my eyes were very bad. He was surprised that I did not have double vision. I ought to spend several days having my eyes examined, with drops.

"Do my eyes have anything to do with my pain?" I asked. "No," he said, and, "How old are you?"

"Doctor," he said to the pretty interne, "I would like to look at the sinuses with an illuminator."

Confusion followed. There was not one on the floor. The interne said he would go for one. He was very polite. The doctor said he would go for one. He was very polite. After they had been polite to each other for a while they both went.

They were gone one half hour, thirty minutes, you know, with sixty seconds in each minute. But they got the illuminator. You had to hand them that. They got what they went after. The relief of the aspirin had long since worn out, but I was still a little hopeful. Such a good bedside manner.

Now a supervisor appeared from somewhere, although she had not been able to function when there was no one around but the little student nurse. She had a manner, too, a splendid manner. With an air of mystery she bustled my friend out of the room, and the poor girl went, wondering what mysterious and private matter was to follow. The lights went out; they looked at my sinuses, without the sacrilege of a laywoman looking on; the doctor delivered quite an instructive little lecture to the interne, who was apparently getting his first glimpse of a sinus. Oh, yes, my sinuses were all right. Lights up again. "Doctor, did you notice what is wrong with her eyes? I can even tell with a glance — you noticed her eyes, didn't you?" The interne was caught. "Oh, yes," gulped the poor boy, "I thought I noticed something — well, something, about the — the — right eye." There followed a little lecture on eye movements, for the interne's benefit and to let the doctor show off. He liked showing off.

"Doctor," I said with a certain desperate determination, "I've been in great pain. I want something to bring me relief, so that I can go on home tomorrow and get suitable treatment started."

"We'll fix that up," heartily, beautifully; you couldn't help but feel cheered by the tones of his voice.

He went away. The interne went back to where internes hide. The nurse went away. My friend went away. Now is the time to say that an hour and a half eye examination in New York City the next week failed to reveal anything specially wrong with my eyes; it has occurred to me that several days of intense pain might make any eyes look a little queer. But now I was alone in the hospital, most terribly alone. I began to be terrified. It was like an appalling slow motion picture show, like a nightmare. What if nothing ever came? It was more than three hours from the time of entering the hospital before that welcome syringe appeared. I had been so afraid it was not coming, and that all the struggle for relief would have to be started in the middle of the night. Delightful feeling, lost in a hospital — one of those places of refuge and solace, you know.

But then I got the shot. Nice doctor. Nice nurse. Good hospital. Oh, heavenly. Drowsiness, the pain re-

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treating. It's there, it's like choir boys singing outside the door. Will it come nearer, as in a great chorus, or will it die away? Oh, good fairies of morphine, let it die away.

One hour passes. Two hours. The water pipes in my room are playing a terrible tune, bang, bang, bang, bangety, bangety, bang. It is midnight. I am not asleep. I am not even sleepy. The choir boys of pain are still singing outside the door. Suppose they come back. I am terrified, sick with fear. The little nurse comes. I ask her to make sure of the method of getting hold of an interne, and getting permission for another shot if my pain gets worse. The child is scared and brings the supervisor, who is very cold, like a headmistress with a naughty child. "You've only had the morphine two hours. It has not had time to take effect," she lies. "But if it doesn't, is there *some one* in the hospital who can give me more?" She grows still colder: I am about to be sent down from school for impiety. "You may be certain that if you need anything you will be given it." Another lie. I know it is, despairingly. She knows it. It is past midnight, you are alone in a strange city, in a hospital whose systematized indifference is far stronger than you.

I whisper to myself, excellent advice. Try not to mind the banging pipes. Maybe you have forgotten. Perhaps morphine is slow in its action. Believe it is still to come.

Oblivion for one half-hour, delicious deadness. *Bang*, *bang*, *bang*. The hot water pipes are off again. I am very wide awake and have a fever. Temperature half a degree. Also, I am hungry, nothing further having been said about that diet that was to be prescribed for the patient when the physician came. The little girl had made me at my request some orange juice, but hungry as I am I can not drink it, thick with sugar and with some strange taste indicating a dirty spoon.

The choir boys are singing again, along with the plumbing, but they are singing softly. Light sleep then until five o'clock. Ring for the nurse because I have drunk all my water. Nice child, she continues to mean well. Wouldn't I like the bedpan? No, thank you. But she must have a "specimen" before seven. All right, let's get it over with.

At six the choir boys have come back rather strong with their pain song. I know it is advisable to catch these pains young, before the whole facial nerve joins in. And I am hungry and feeling slightly experimental. Another little girl is on duty, more stupid than the first and not so well meaning. I tell her the nurse said I was to have something for the pain when it started up. She listens and goes away. Forty-five minutes pass. I ring again. Fifteen minutes later she comes. What about that medicine? "I called the supervisor," she answers virtuously, "and she said the day nurse would take care of you." "What does that mean? That she'll give me a bath or give me something to stop the pain?" "I don't know — she wouldn't let me give you anything."

Nothing happens until eight o'clock. The day nurse comes. She has had no instructions about pain, but she gives me a bath with her kind and gentle hands, and she rubs my back with alcohol. How pleasant this would have been last night.

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Breakfast comes now, with a card on the tray showing that the dieticians had prepared this especially for me. One half glass very sweet, tepid orange juice, one cup of sleazy cocoa. I never did like cocoa but I drink it so as to get something inside me.

My friend comes in, a busy woman, stopping away from the office to see me. She has been waiting half an hour because the supervisor said I was having a bath. "When the bath is finished, the door will be opened," so ran the solemn pronouncement. The supervisor had indeed looked in on me some fifteen minutes earlier, to see me sitting up in bed with a tray before me, but all the same she had left my friend sitting outside.

But now the doctor has come, and all is well. Genial, splendid, still talking about my eyes. "You held out on me," I inform him gravely. He understands me. "I gave you a light dose — are you accustomed to a heavy one?" I do not argue. The night is past. I did not get worse in the night. I have not had the quiet and relief I came for, but now all I crave is to leave, to go seeking relief somewhere else. It has been an expensive light dose of morphine, but why argue?

Of course my trouble was a tooth that was trying to blow off the roof. I finally got to an able dentist and it took him two visits to find the villain. Now that the pain is gone I can laugh at the hospital. My last hours there were really funny.

After the cheering visit of the doctor, the restful bath, the cup of cocoa, I suddenly feel sleepy. My friend goes away, giving instructions that I wish to sleep. I doze pleasantly. A nurse, briskly waking me, "Here's your medicine. You are to take one every four hours." This is written plainly on the box and practically all patients can read. The doctor has also told me about the every four hours, but the nurse has to wake me up to tell me. Else how can nurses feel important? Then sleep coming kindly down again.

Then loud voices in my doorway. I rise up and say, "Get out of here." Silence. Presently a nurse, a little disturbed. "Mr. So-and-So wishes to get a blood test." It is known that I am leaving within the hour, but the system must go on. Suppose I died, and they did not have a blood count, to go with the urine analysis? I submit. Mr. So-and-So is nice. "How long have you had that cold?" he asks. He is a laboratory technician, so he does not have to show off and detect strange maladies in my eyes. He is able just to make a commonplace observation. "Over a month," I answer him and think that neither the doctor nor the interne had observed the cold, or perhaps they did not care. I'm sure they didn't care.

Now the nurse keeps trotting around, and I pant for an hour's sleep. I tell her I do, please put another blanket on me and go away. She does this and departs, promising to be right back. But I don't want her back. When she returns I carefully explain that I am leaving in an hour, that it is not necessary to change my bed or bring fresh towels. *Please leave me alone!* She is a nice girl, she means well. It is probably against the rules, but she lets my bed

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alone. But nothing will persuade her to leave me. She putters here and there, and has at last to be driven out with violence. . . .

HOSPITALIZATION services appear to me to be based upon three theories, none of them right. First, that all patients are imbeciles. Ask your nurse to tell you what the thermometer reads, after she has taken your temperature, and note the condescension in her glance and the callous way in which she lies to you, not even troubling to make the lie seem plausible. You are an imbecile. You would never know you were feverish, unless she told you. I meet this situation by keeping my own thermometer on the table beside me.

The second theory of hospitalization is the theory of omniscient knowledge and understanding, expressed in an overpowering smugness. Whatever is needed, will be done. What the doctor orders, what the physician prescribes, these be sacred things. Within the hospital the doctor can not be wrong. Outside, many physicians show an admirable humility; within, they quickly assume the attributes of God. Now it would be very pleasant if they were God, if they could be so all-knowing and all-wise, but considering what they are is it not time that this hocus-pocus was laid aside, along with the amulets of the medicine men, their predecessors in primitive tribes?

The third and worst theory is that mechanical nursing is the best. Nurses should be robots. They must not think. They must not even see, except what they are told to see. Above all, they must be blind and deaf to what the individual patient is going through. There is no room for individual reaction in the nurse's training. She must be rigid, undeviating from the rule, she must wait on authority no matter what happens to the patient. Kept in ignorance, schooled in a lack of intelligent interest in the case, selected apparently from a very low intellectual level, she is turned out a little robot, starched and sterilized, incapable of the normal behavior of an ordinary human being.

Nothing very bad, nothing hopelessly bad, ever happened to me in a hospital, but if I can help it I am not having any more. I know one really good hospital, run like a hotel, in Pennsylvania, but even it might fail me another time. I hope there will not be another time, for I have deserted my modernism, my emphasis on laboratories, technique and latest methods to feel just as Uncle Jake did. There are staring signs in front of hospitals, with the word *Accident* and an arrow showing where the ambulance is to go. I shiver whenever I see these signs. So many chances every day for an accident for any of us! I have not been in that way yet, so I do not know if they wait to learn your grandmother's maiden name before they tie up an artery, or perhaps only your mother's. I don't know. I don't want to find out. If I am run over on any busy street corner, and have a few bones broken here and there, I don't want an ambulance clanking its way to any hospital; instead I'll say, like Uncle Jake, "Don't take me to no horsepital, oh, please sir, jus' leave me lay!"

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Mother Tanner

By John Lineaweaver

A Story

Unlike so many mothers, Mrs. Tanner did not expect that things would ever again be the same between herself and her son, once he had married. She said so to every one, smiling bravely: "A daughter's a daughter all her life; but a son's a son till he gets him a wife." There was nothing truer, was there? she asked. And when some of her listeners, remembering what mother and son had been to each other and reflecting that now, by her own indirect admission in an unguarded moment, Mrs. Tanner would have very little left to live for — when some of these listeners demurred, she simply shook her graying head, still smiling bravely, although by this time there was more often than not the suggestion of tears in her aging eyes, so pitifully, so innocently blue — so like an unhappy little girl's, as people said — behind her cheap, horn-rimmed spectacles.

But Mrs. Tanner never actually broke down. However sorely her feelings were tried, she always retained control of herself. She simply got very quiet for a moment — a moment which was always very unsettling for her listener — and then went on in almost, but not quite, as firm a voice as ever, making a valiant effort, as every one could see, to be cheerful about it. No, she wanted James to be a good husband above everything, she said. She wanted him to be happy. It was what she had hoped and prayed for: all she asked of life, now that Mr. Tanner was — gone. She didn't intend to interfere at all. She had seen enough of that. She wasn't even going to let him give her any money, though he was doing so well at the Works and could afford it. She wasn't going to be a drag on him, a burden on his wife, in any way. She intended to take up her sewing again, which she had dropped when James had had his first salary raise, partly on account of her eyes, and she guessed she'd get along all right, although it might be hard working up a clientele again just at first.

At this point in the conversation her listeners, their sympathies tried beyond endurance, generally reminded her in a delicate way that Mary Townsend, the girl James was marrying, was popularly considered one of the most comfortably fixed girls in town. They quickly learned that Mrs. Tanner had taken that into account. It was just all the more rea-

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son, she said, why she didn't want to take any help from James. He would need all he could get together to keep up his end, to be the man of the household. She had seen some of these unions between rich girls and poor boys in her time. Deliver her boy from anything of that sort! Besides there was always the danger the Townsends might think that she and James had had an eye on their money — not, of course, that the Townsends were like that. They were, of course, the nicest, kindest people in the world, and Mary was the sweetest, loveliest girl. A mother couldn't wish for a more womanly little person for her son. But, well, one couldn't be too careful, could one? when so much, when everything that mattered, in fact, was at stake.

Usually James was not among those present when these conversations took place. He was down at the Works, earning some of that salary which Mrs. Tanner would never share, or he was calling on Mary, giving Mrs. Tanner a taste of the loneliness which was to be her lot. But once in a while, when the listener was a lifelong intimate, like Miss Emily Schroeder, their neighbor, for example, he was. And at first he had been heard to demur as vehemently as the listener. Yes, and more so. But toward the end, as his wedding day drew closer, he didn't. He simply got up and left the room. He did it rather ungraciously, too, without regard for what his mother's feelings undoubtedly were. And this behavior tended to clinch the opinion which many of his mother's intimates had always had of him, and which was not very high.

They remembered, talking him over, how, as a child with a father who was simply no good at all and finally proved it by running away, his mother had slaved and pinched to keep him always a little better dressed than the other boys, and how ungrateful he had been about it. Miss Emily Schroeder recalled that she had once caught him tossing one of his dear little hats into her garbage can; and some one else recalled that she, too, had had an experience of the kind, although just what she could no longer remember. It was remembered also how he had wanted to leave high school and go to work, and had even got one of his teachers, who was one of those new-fangled educators and shortly thereafter lost his position, to intercede for him. He was just a spoiled, ungrateful young man, they decided, bottling and labeling once and for all the suspicions of twenty-five years. Such behavior now, of all times, just went to show what he was and always had been. And then they added that, of course, there was his good-for-nothing father — like father, like son.

Miss Emily Schroeder, who perhaps knew him better than any one else, who had had the opportunity of observing him all his life and now sat in on the above-mentioned occasions more often than any one else, even thought that Mary Townsend ought to be warned about him. Love is blind, as every one knows, and possibly Mary had never seen him as he actually was, as she must expect him to be after the first full flush of lovers' days had worn off. Miss Schroeder, however, never carried out her design. For by the time she had consulted enough people about it and had got their signatures on her

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petition, as it were, Mary Townsend, amazing and disappointing those who had always been fond of her, had turned out to be as unworthy as James her fiancé. From dropping in on Mother Tanner every day, if only for the fewest of minutes, as she had done at first, she had stopped visiting her almost entirely. And there had been several unpardonable incidents. She had sent back the gift of a silver bowl, which Mother Tanner had sold her grandmother's gate-leg table to buy, and this, it was understood, with James's approval. She had even been silent when some one praised Mrs. Tanner's character in her presence. And she had never once suggested that Mother Tanner help choose her trousseau.

But if any one expected Mrs. Tanner to complain of this treatment, he was sadly mistaken. She never said a word. She never, indeed, gave any hint that she noticed it. If anything, her public opinion of Mary grew higher. She could never get enough of talking about her, it seemed, and as time went on it was all people like Miss Emily, who knew, could manage to listen in silence. If it had not been for the fact that Mrs. Tanner was talking only to bolster her feelings (as could be told by something indefinable in her manner) they would certainly have had to speak out their minds.

And meanwhile the weeks were coming and going, the wedding day was drawing closer and closer.

On the day before the wedding Mrs. Townsend's sister — Auntie Christine, as Mrs. Tanner had already, bravely, begun to call her — gave a luncheon. It was to be just a little family affair, and, of course, Mrs. Tanner was asked. And she was so happy about it, so pleased; as if, Miss Schroeder remarked, she hadn't expected it . . . as if she wasn't worth the lot of them, they and their bank accounts put together!

She was up at dawn that day. James claimed to have heard her since six, and when he finally came downstairs he found her busy over her wash tubs, with a morning's work half finished.

"Why, what on earth are you doing, mother?" he asked, just as though, Miss Schroeder went on, he didn't know she had been killing herself all week, getting his things ready, and she with her heart the way it was! And when she answered, instead of being grateful, he flew into a rage. He raved and ranted, reported Miss Schroeder, saying how he had told his mother over and over again to send his clothes to the laundry. And she just standing there, trying to smile, and not even answering! When he had finally stopped and left for work, she had merely taken off her glasses, wiped them shakily on her apron and said: "Poor boy, he's so unnerved . . ."

But she, too, was unnerved, Miss Schroeder saw. She was pale, there were lines around her mouth, and her hands were shaking visibly. She had not looked well all week, and Miss Schroeder was worried. She had determined there and then, Miss Schroeder said later, to stay with Mother Tanner until that morning was over.

And stay she had, while Mother Tanner washed and while she ironed, while she beat up a cake she wanted to take to the Townsends, and while

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she cleaned the rooms and made the beds. (She had always refused to have a maid in the house; it wasn't right, she had always said, to use *all* James's money on the housekeeping.) Miss Schroeder even stood by while she dressed, and afterward sat with her in the front window, waiting for James to come home early, as had been arranged, and drive her to the Townsends.

And it was there, in the parlor, waiting for James, that Mother Tanner had said the only words against Mary that any one had ever heard. It had been so little — scarcely a criticism at all — that Miss Schroeder would never have remembered it, if there had ever been anything else. She had merely remarked in passing how little Mary thought about clothes. "She has always had so many, you know," she had said, "that she has never really had to think about them. I do hope James will realize that and be patient . . ."

So the morning had passed. And finally it was noon, and James had not arrived. Mother Tanner had been growing more and more nervous with every passing minute. And finally, at five minutes after twelve, she rose.

"James has forgotten me or been delayed," she said. "I'd better start."

"Oh, no!" Miss Schroeder replied. "You mustn't do that. Why, it's miles!"

"Not miles, Emily," Mrs. Tanner said, smiling that sweet, sad smile. "When James was little I used to traipse all the way out to Point-of-Pines with my sewing. I guess I am still young enough to walk thirteen city blocks."

And regarding her, Miss Schroeder had known there was no use arguing.

"Very well," she said, rising. "I shall walk with you." ("I could have beaten that boy," she added when she repeated the story.)

And so they had started, Miss Schroeder holding on to Mother Tanner's arm and guiding her step, which was more faltering than she had noticed it to be before. It took them fifteen minutes to go four blocks, and Miss Schroeder was in no way surprised when, at the corner of Seventh and Elm Streets, Mother Tanner suddenly said, "I can go no further," and began to weep, sagging over on Miss Schroeder's shoulder.

"I just kept my head, I don't know how," Miss Schroeder said, talking about it later, "and hailed a cab. I can't say how I got her into it, for by that time she was already unconscious. But I did. I managed it somehow . . . Oh, that boy will pay in the hereafter for the way he's treated his mother!"

They arrived back home just as James, nearly distracted, he said, (though some, as Miss Schroeder told him, might think different) drew up in the car. He had been searching all over town for them, he said, had called the Townsends finally and not finding them there, had given up and returned. He carried his mother into the house, while Miss Schroeder telephoned for the doctor.

And when the doctor came and told them that, although Mother Tanner would recover, she had nearly had a stroke and must have no excitement, James had done the only thing he could have done, so that Miss Schroeder could not think

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better of him even for that. He had telephoned Mary, and after a half-hour's talk and an interview later that afternoon, they had decided to postpone the wedding.

It was wonderful, Miss Schroeder thought, that the news, when she heard it, did not appear to effect Mother Tanner in any way for the worse.

Deserted Sheep Pasture

By Frances Frost

Now a red fox runs where sheep
Were wont to pasture years ago,
And everlasting climbs the steep
Hillside where the slow winds go
That once were musical with bells
Hung from wandering woolly throats.
Now within the cobalt wells
Of morning, death, the lean hawk, floats
And falls upon the shivering mouse
And haunts the grass-nest of the hare,
Or swoops on jewel-weeds to rouse
The huddled chipmunk quaking there.
The seed-pods of the thistles break
Where once the plaintive bleating blew
Among the junipers that shake
In silence now. The meadow-rue
Stirs softly, and the ghosts of sheep
Lie down in the lonely sun to sleep.

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Oriental Tom-Toms

By H. B. Elliston

Japan enjoys a victory, both military and diplomatic, for the first time

Lord Cromer, the great British pro-consul, once said that in a complex political problem there is always a key-point, if you can find it. Japan is becoming a complex political problem. All the world this winter will be waiting anxiously for the first sign of her retreat from the extreme position which she has assumed in Manchuria in defiance of the world's collective system, as reflected in the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, whose implied condemnation of Japan's conduct has now been affirmed by the League Commission of Inquiry under Lord Lytton. Let us, then, follow Lord Cromer's advice, and, in the hope of finding the key-point in the Japanese attitude, select a starting point that gives promise of leading to the required goal.

One which, I think, will make many dark places clear is seemingly irrelevant. It is the Japanese partiality for assassinating their leaders. The record since the start of the Manchurian adventure on September 18, 1931, is startling. Two premiers, a senior general, the leading industrialist, the foremost financier — such is the year's toll of life. Many others, including the Mikado himself, have also been the target for either knife or bomb, with more or less serious results in every case except the Mikado's. As French government used to be described as tempered by songs, so government and public life in general in the land of the cherry blossom may be said to be tempered by assassination.

Leaders in all countries expose themselves to the fanatic, the crazy, or the super-patriot. But in Japan assassination is almost respectable. Deep down in the national make-up the feeling exists that there must be something praiseworthy in such an excess of *esprit* as impels a person to despatch a leader. Sweet and honorable it may be for a Japanese to kill a compatriot for his own country. The people admit that the death penalty is necessary for the safety of the State, and in general impose it; but an assassin "whose heart within him burns" may none the less be acclaimed a hero as his remains are borne to their last resting place. Even if the act reveals a giddy head rather than a burning heart, there is bound to be some attempt to establish in favor of the perpetra-

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tor a high and disinterested motive.

Such super-patriotism is the price that Japan is paying for a sixty-five year old regimentation of patriotism. Commodore Perry knocked at the door of a country still hermit and feudal. The size and armament of his ships showed the Japanese that they could no longer remain aloof from the world. They were likewise persuaded that if they wished to remain an independent entity they must put on the modern trappings of nationalism. For ten centuries the source of national authority, the Mikado, had lain dormant — kept in monkish seclusion by the dominant feudal lord. Now the dust was brushed off the throne and in the new Mikado a genius stood revealed, the Emperor Meiji, who proceeded to wake up in true Rip Van Winkle style. The occasion did, indeed, produce the man for the Restoration (or as the Japanese themselves call it, the Renovation) of 1868. Around him, moreover, gathered as great a coterie of statesmen as ever assisted at a national rebirth. They went to work systematically in educating the people to feel, in a way that the Japanese had never felt before, that all their privileges in life came direct from a terrestrial All-Highest who was but one remove from Heaven itself.

Though, with the passing of Meiji, the throne lost a good deal of its personality, and, by reigning instead of ruling, became more or less institutionalized, it has lost none of its force as the dominant motif in the national life. *Lèse majesté* has become sacrilege, patriotism a religion and nationalism a personal vanity.

How deep rooted are all three, in spite of the latter-day and much-boosted progress of democracy, was occasionally revealed prior to the Manchurian outbreak. The world was amused, for instance, when it learned that the preamble to the Kellogg Pact saying that the treaty was signed "in the name of their respective peoples" caused a parliamentary crisis in Japan. The democratic ascription was the trouble. A bit of phraseology that seemed harmless to every other signatory without exception — monarchies and oligarchies as well as democracies — fell foul of the theocracy which had been so sedulously erected on top of Japan's national constitutions. So concerned were the legislators as to the bearing of this seemingly innocent phrase on their national institutions that to their present chagrin they entirely overlooked the necessity pointed out by one wise old member of the Privy Council that Manchuria should be reserved from the operations of the Pact. The Japanese omission to do in Manchuria what the United States and Great Britain did in regard to the American continent and the Suez area respectively was in great part, I would not say wholly, explicable by this preoccupation.

The greatest single change in Japan from the Meiji Restoration came in the behavior of the *samurai*, beau-ideal of Japanese manhood. Samurai were the knights formerly in attendance upon the feudal lords. They were in the habit of exacting an accounting with their swords, without benefit of prior argument, for any insult, fancied or real, to their masters. They propped up the feudal power. Under the training of the Meiji statesmen, their feudal

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loyalty was transformed into allegiance to Emperor and State, a process that, in a similar circumstance, took many long years in England, until, in fact, Henry VIII was able to dominate the country. In Japan the training was expedited by the allowances which were made for the *samurai* and their imitators in the expression of their neopatriotic sentiment. A diverted loyalty was enough. They were not taught to civilize their quick tempers and to keep their hands off their sword hilts.

Thus if Japanese super-patriots draw the sword in reparation for real or fancied injuries to the State, Japanese leadership can not criticize them too harshly without criticizing the whole philosophy of Japanese political training.

Naturally the result has often been very embarrassing.

THE craziest of Japanese assassinations deprived the country of Japan's "great commoner," Premier Hara, in 1921. He was stabbed to death as the result of a foolish pun. *Hara* means "belly" and *hara-kiri*, "cut-belly." *Hara-kiri* is a form of suicide accomplished with a short sword and was formerly a privilege allowed to gentlemen in place of execution but is now a favorite method of calling attention to the country's woes. Hara's murderer, a young railroad employe, had been discussing Mr. Hara's alleged misdeeds with a group of co-workers. "A lot of people talk about *hara-kiri*, but precious few do it," exclaimed the youth. His hearers jeered. "Well, you'll see," he retorted hotly, "I will cut—Hara," omitting in his anger to say "commit" before "cut—Hara." According to witnesses at the trial, supported by the prisoner's own confession, the pun supplied the inspiration for the stabbing of Mr. Hara. Still many Japanese felt called upon to do honor to the half-wit. They considered that he had done well in showing his displeasure with Hara; consequently, the State, fearing a demonstration, decided not to impose extreme punishment.

In this case the State acted on a recent experience. One of the greatest demonstrations celebrating an assassin occurred just prior to the Hara outrage. The victim was Japan's richest man. He was murdered by one of a group called *China ronin* (literally, "masterless man," but in this connotation, "rough-neck"), who cause so much trouble in Chinese-Japanese relations that many observers hold that those of them who live in Shanghai were more responsible than anybody else for the precipitation of the recent Shanghai "war." Though the assailant was executed, nevertheless he had a magnificent funeral. In attendance was a huge concourse of *Soshi*, or professional bullies, who are generally used as bodyguards for politicians, as *agents provocateurs* against labor groups, as hirelings for patriotic associations, and the like. But, in addition, immense crowds of the general public and the labor unionists, for once like-minded with the *Soshi*, shared in the tribute.

In most cases a leader is assassinated over a political question. One of the most promising stars in the diplomatic service was done to death in 1913 because of his alleged responsibility for a loss of Japan's

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"face" in foreign affairs. Chinese soldiery had killed two Japanese barbers in the streets of Nanking. A super-patriot, taking the insult to heart, invaded the foreign office in Tokyo, and despatched the chief of the China section. He then spread out a map of China and committed *hari-kiri* on it. Japan forgot the loss of this rising diplomat in lauding the misguided criminal's patriotism.

A similar tragedy, which, however, did not end fatally, occurred thirty-five years ago over the negotiations with the foreign powers to revise Japan's treaties. The statesman in charge was the Marquis Okuma, later called Japan's "Grand Old Man." A young patriot thought him too complacent, and to mark his displeasure, threw a bomb at him, as a result of which action Okuma lost a leg. There were two remarkable features about this outrage: first, the Japanese erected a shrine to commemorate the deed; secondly, among the subscribers was Okuma himself, who said that though the young man was mistaken he meant well!

Any slight to the Emperor is surer to bring retribution with knife or bomb than disservice to the State. What is deemed a slight would seem very trivial to Westerners, even to those who are subjects of monarchs. Perhaps the most amazing example happened twenty-five years ago over a visit paid to an imperial shrine by a Minister of Education. Without thinking, the official used his walking stick to move aside the curtain of the shrine. For this he fell victim to the anger of a silly youngster in whose befuddled mind the gesture spelled *lèse majesté*. The minister was one of Japan's greatest statesmen, but he is now forgotten, while a tablet honors the deed of the bemused patriot.

Assassinations such as these had one thing in common. They were individual affairs. In the orgy of the last twelve months, however, there is evidence of brotherhoods devoted to patriotic blood-letting. Of late it has been revealed to the world that they belong to Fascist societies either drawn from or encouraged by the young officer personnel of army and navy. The premier society has a programme as comprehensive as Hitler's. It is anti-capitalist as well as ultra-nationalist. Before September, 1931, it was concerned over the "unholy alliance" at home between capitalist and politician, which, it contended, was ruining Japanese agriculture, and therefore sapping the foundations of the State.

THE place of agriculture in Japan needs some emphasis because the romance of Japan's industrial growth has given the impression that Japan has ceased to be a predominantly agricultural country. No more fundamental mistake could be made. Over fifty per cent of Japan's population are still on the land. Agriculture still commands the largest amount of capital as well as labor of all productive enterprises. But the battle to keep Japanese agriculture abreast of the food requirements of a nation which increases its population by a million a year has gone against agriculture. The soil, though constantly revitalized with immense amounts of fertilizer, simply can not do the work. The experts say, indeed, that it has entered upon the stage of diminishing returns, and adduce an impressive

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array of statistics to prove their thesis. Hence the burden of supporting the swollen population has been undertaken by modern industry, which has grown into the State's pampered child. No capitalist country can show the record of subsidization of industry prevailing in Japan. Abuses under a tariff system have proved to be unavoidable in any country. In Japan, under a tariff and subsidy system, they have become chronic, and have been interspersed every now and then with unsavory scandals. But, as in every country, the farmers are not united, and the army and navy, eighty-five per cent of whom, officers and men, hail from the land, have focused the discontent.

Moreover, Japan's prestige in the world was felt (before the Manchurian episode) to be suffering from the same disease of retrogression. Since the Washington Conference foreign as well as home policy had been influenced by the industrialists of Osaka, Japan's Manchester. On the theory that you can not prod a customer with a bayonet and expect him still to buy from you, Osaka dictated liberalism toward China. It may be true that you can not jack Chinese customers into buying Japanese goods, but experience had not proved the reverse — that you could encourage them to buy those goods by dandling them. For China trade had dwindled, and the world depression had made it dwindle further; so that in the military mind the net result of a liberal foreign policy in terms of cash was nil, while the price paid in the decline of prestige was overwhelming.

The Japanese military were more Japanese in their method of phrasing the twin issue. They said that Japan was getting "soft," so that there was danger of a loss of the spirit of old Japan, the *samurai* spirit. In Manchuria the opportunity arose of reevoking it. Manchuria is called the "first line of defense" against the "enemy." All general staffs have an "enemy," somebody to train against, somebody as a target for their tactics; and in Japan it is Russia. The conquest of Manchuria would seal up Japan's defenses, which before September 18 last year were out on a very precarious limb, ending in mid-air at the terminal of the Japanese-concessioned South Manchuria railway, Changchun, now "Manchukuo's" capital. There is ground for the suspicion that the military made their own opportunity. Japanese soldier guards were seen practising the capture of Mukden several days before the Chinese allegedly tore up the tracks of the South Manchuria railway and precipitated the beginning of the Manchurian adventure. Anyway, the event occurred, and the Japanese military machine immediately swung into action.

If there is one place where Japan is always likely to reveal its regimentation in all its regalia, it is Manchuria. Manchuria is a shrine where hosts of Japanese shed their blood during the Russo-Japanese War of thirty years ago. It is also a rice bowl, a life-line, as the Japanese call it; provider of a good deal of sustenance — beans, coal and iron — to a people always harassed by a population problem, now crushed under the weight of the world depression.

Even in normal times the Japanese agrarian population lives on the

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ragged edge of penury. Its problem is a real one, that of wringing a living from an unwilling soil; not the Alice-economics problem of keeping down production, as in the United States. The average holding is .9 of an acre. In the United States it is 31.7 acres. Even the simple wants of the Japanese farmer can not be satisfied on the diet produced by such a tiny plot. Two things are therefore constantly on the Japanese farmer's mind. One is the cash price he can get for the side-line that he is forced to take up. In most cases this is one or other process in silk culture—growing mulberry leaves, rearing the cocoons, or reeling the silk, sometimes all three. The other is the assurance of a continuous and cheap supply of fertilizer.

Both problems are related. If the Japanese farmer can not get a fair price for his silk, fertilizer, no matter what price it is, is dear. How little silk has yielded of late years in the land of its production may be appreciated from the way prices have tobogganed on the New York Raw Silk Exchange. In 1929 they started to slide at $5.25 a pound and they reached $1.05 this year. Added to that trouble came the threat to the source of much of the fertilizer, Manchuria. Beancake is one of the four fertilizers used on Japanese farms, and it all comes from Manchuria, which exports to Japan twenty-five per cent of Japan's takings of fertilizer from abroad. Manchuria is thus a rice bowl for Japanese soil as well as Japanese stomachs.

In such an emergency as occurred in Manchuria the military acquire under the constitution the power to control the course of events in the affected spot. But hitherto there has always been a certain deference to Government opinion during these emergencies. On this occasion, however, the Government was left completely in the lurch, though neither Washington nor Geneva seemed to believe it. It found itself not only being pushed from behind by the military but having to read about accomplished facts in Manchuria from the newspapers, facts which it had been denying in foreign chancelleries. Several times, when caught in this situation, it threatened to deprive the army in Manchuria of its supplies; but nothing happened to their orders, and it was evident that something unusual was afoot. This came to light on October 16 last year. The wife of a colonel, overhearing the details of a projected *coup d'état*, gave information to the police. A round-up was ordered. Nothing has yet appeared in the Japanese press about this counter-coup, but it is understood that about a hundred officers were arrested, and sent to an interior fortress. Papers seized by the police were found to implicate not only the bulk of the army and navy officer-personnel, but personages close to the throne. The investigation had thus to be dropped like a firebrand, and the Government fell, while the general staff changed hands.

The new dispensation, under Premier Inukai, who lasted until his assassination on May 15, pursued such a vigorous policy in Manchuria and China that the surmise is tenable that it was the piper of a tune called by the young military through the

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new Minister of War, Sadao Araki, one of the men to arise out of the world depression who should be watched. For months the anomaly persisted. To the world Japan's policy seemed two-faced. But it was really three-faced. First, the Government put up a front to show that the form of representative government still existed. Secondly, while the emergency existed, the responsible military leaders were constitutionally in control. Thirdly, the military leaders followed the dictates of the young officers, now able to come out in the open. So Japanese newspapers toward the end of last year began to refer mysteriously to the "White Terror," meaning the army Fascists, who eventually dispensed so drastically with Inukai, a man who, though carrying out the ultra-nationalist policy abroad, was nevertheless too much of a politician of the old school to fulfil the Fascist demand for reform at home. The reason for tolerating him was that, though Hitlerism dominates Japanese thought, there is no Hitler. This accounts for the latest reprieve for responsible government in the choice of Viscount Saito, a man of enough character to raise him above the suspicion now entertained toward all politicians, to head a super-party Government, as the civilians' last chance before the military Fascists come in. If he had not recognized the puppet State of Manchukuo, which world diplomacy is now trying to persuade Japan to disown, that event, in all probability, would have happened.

The military Fascists were unsure of the complete regimentation of Japan until they had proved Japanese gallantry in the field and until the world had demonstrated both Japanese isolation and the fissures in the world's collective system.

The Japanese are neither gratuitously nor rampageously bellicose. Troop trains left Japan for the Siberian front ten years ago with, to my own personal knowledge, scarcely any display of popular enthusiasm. That episode — the Allied Intervention after the War — was as much disliked in Japan as later it came to be disliked in Washington. But in Manchuria, as I had said, all the elements were present for the kindling of national ardor. Nevertheless the Manchurian operations did not provide the opportunity for that gallantry which was necessary to quicken the national pulse. This came in the Shanghai "war." During the military operations against the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army the Japanese newspapers called attention to the amazing number of casualties among the commanders, majors and colonels in proportion to the total. Evidently the medium-rank officers were leading, not urging, their men into action. Their exploits, and those of their men, filled Japan with enthusiasm. Two in particular made them feel that the "softness" in the national calibre to which the Fascists had called attention had hardened again. One was the quixotic feat of three men who, during a swift advance, threw themselves, their pockets full of bombs, on a dense barrier of barbed wire, allowing their comrades an unimpeded passage. The other was the successful air fight with the American aviator in Chinese employ, Short. Japan had always entertained a half-afraid feeling that

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she was no match for Westerners in aerial combat. This fight removed that feeling.

The world attitude also played into the hands of Japanese military ambition. I shall not go into the history of the last twelve months of note-writing, emission of doctrines, and international pow-pows. Much has been written about them. There is a key-note running through them all, and that is the intimidation of Japan. At the start of the affair particularly, the world trod very sharply on Japan's Achilles' Heel. The theorists, who are responsible for what passes for public opinion on questions outside its ken, began academically to reappraise the treaties obtained twenty to thirty years ago giving Japan the title to its "State within a State" in South Manchuria — railroad and land concessions chiefly. The last meeting of a distinguished American organization, for instance, devoted hour after hour to a public wrangle, provoked by the Manchurian affair, on duress as applied to the validity of treaties. These preoccupations were encouraged for months by "high League circles," presumably the Secretariat, in the comments that furnished the background for the newspaper correspondence from Geneva. Imagine a mishap perpetrated against the Panama Canal by the Panamans, and then think of the repercussion in the United States of similar discussions in Geneva and elsewhere about the validity of American treaty rights obtained thirty years ago. At a time which to Japan was one of national peril such discussions over what right she had in being in Manchuria at all were calculated to make the entire country curl up in the patriotic shell made by the Meiji statesmen.

At the same time world intimidation was hesitating, lacking in cohesion. It was the half-and-half type that so often defeats its own object. I feel convinced that had the United States been as coöperative with Geneva in September, 1931, as she later proved to be, Japan would have accepted the original proposal for a joint commission of investigation, a proposal which was later exhumed as the Lytton Commission by Japan herself only after the military had got completely in the saddle, and had divested Japan's diplomats of responsibility. Nationally as well as individually Japan has hitherto suffered from a kind of inferiority complex. She has been content to follow the great powers where they have led, even in China. Her subservience has cost her dear. She has gone from one frustration to another. In 1895, as the prize of the Chino-Japanese War, she got her teeth for the first time into Manchuria. But at the request of a coalition of powers headed by Russia, she was compelled to let go, only to see Russia a few years later take what she had abandoned. Then she has always felt that, though she won the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5, she was outwitted in the peace by that consummate diplomatist, Count Witte, who even succeeded in making a breach in the hitherto pro-Japanese sentiment of the United States. Again, during the Great War, she essayed to gain a superior position in China. Once more she was balked, this time by President Wilson. During the Siberian Intervention, in

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which she was invited to participate by the same President, the ardor of her imperialists returned and they dreamed of "watering their horses at the Urals." But at the Washington Conference Mr. Hughes brought them to heel, and obtained the withdrawal of all the Japanese forces from Siberian territory. Nowadays, as the result of the various naval agreements, Japan is supreme in her own home waters, and is therefore sufficiently strong to oppose any dictation in the Far East from outside; but if she has been faced with a strong diplomatic combination at the onset of the Manchurian trouble, the old unwillingness to run counter to world sentiment would, I feel sure, have reasserted itself.

Such a success would, of course, have settled nothing. The welkin would have rung to the tune of "the peace machinery has been vindicated"; but the price would have been the postponement of the day of reckoning, with even more "gigantic collisions" than those that Mr. Newton D. Baker now envisages as potentialities in the Far East. For, if precedent is of any value, the success would have led to the further intimidation of Japan into returning to a most unsatisfactory *status quo ante*. And, like the Biblical Martha, she would have nursed the further reverse to her bosom, and prepared, as Bolivia has now done, for *Der Tag*.

All who have the slightest acquaintance with Japan know how bitterly she has fretted over the historical setbacks to the "manifest destiny" decreeing her establishment beyond question on the Asiatic mainland. Sometimes the feeling has come publicly to the surface. This has occurred when fresh light has been thrown on past diplomatic reverses by new revelations. The last occasion was Major H. O. Yardley's book on the way he decoded for Mr. Hughes all Japan's secret messages to and from her delegates during the bargaining attendant upon Japan's deflation at the Washington Conference. The book was serialized in the main Japanese newspapers. Now they knew the reason why they were outmaneuvered! One party was playing with loaded dice! However, if liberalism in China had paid, if the world had rendered more than lip service to economic internationalism, if the world depression had not come, these resentments might eventually have evaporated. The "ifs" failed to materialize. Consequently, all the old grudges have come out, and Japan feels that the overtures from world diplomacy in connection with Manchuria, even in the sheep's clothing of the Kellogg Pact, disguise the same old wolf — the one that kept her, from 1895 to 1921, from settling down comfortably on the Asiatic mainland. What is more important, now that she has tested her wings and finds that they can carry even in the tempest of world protest, she is not afraid of the intimidation that used to make her cave in. For instance, the massing of the American fleet in the Pacific, of which few Americans are aware but which the Japanese read about every day in their newspapers, is now quite an idle threat.

It is this new Japan that is engaging the world's concern. Japan has become a psychological expression.

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Talk to any Japanese and you will come in contact with the exhilaration of a nation which has taken a plunge into unknown seas with unquenchable faith in its destiny as its chart. Even the Communists have become Fascists. To use the Japanese phrase, the people have become infected with the *samurai* spirit. How real is this condition was illustrated for me in a letter which I received from a university student in Japan last April. He wrote:

> Even a slip of words in disparagement of the War Office is enough to make the speaker a victim of a serious wound or breakdown. The phonographs in cafés and restaurants that used to send out sweet melodies of waltz and jazz are today sending out sonorous choruses of war songs. War pictures and plays are being staged at every music hall and theatre. Even the confectionery sold in the shops has changed. "Patriotic Dumpling" and "Victorious Ricecake" are better sellers today than "Flower-Viewing Dumpling" and "Cherry Ricecake," even in this flower-viewing season.

That certainly sounded like a note from a bristling nation. The present generation still remembers how even Occidental nations themselves can beat the tom-toms during war-time. But the bristling in Japan, while fed from streams which, *mutatis mutandis*, would have had precisely the same results in an Occidental nation, has its own peculiar roots. It was the manifestation of these roots that accounted for the Occidental exasperation last fall which made world statesmen at Geneva go off at half-cock in telling Japan to clear out of Manchuria by a certain date. Because of these roots world opinion is regarding many facets in the Japanese conduct over the last twelve months with the bewilderment that overcomes people in the presence of a phenomenon. I would venture the opinion, however, that if anything is calculated to melt the excessive militarization of national opinion in Japan, it is the Lytton report, with its attention to realities which, as Coventry Patmore once said, is the beginning of wisdom. Japan would secure under this policy the fulfilment of half a century of unsuccessful diplomacy on the Asiatic mainland. In exchange she would be expected to reacknowledge Chinese sovereignty so formal that it would allow for autonomy for Manchuria under what seems to amount to Japanese guidance. Some have said that the tragedy of the Lytton report is that it has come too late. I can not think so yet. What is the tragedy, it seems to me, is that it should have appeared necessary to win it by the exercise of force.

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The Elusive Mr. Craig

By Alice Storms

An accidental encounter with Edward Gordon Craig

"Jean, this steak is not cooked at all! I can't eat it. Take it away!"

Heavens! What an irascible gentleman! On second thought, why should such a speech betoken a gentleman at all? The fact remained that it did, and that it also greatly enhanced the steak's importance.

A startled silence hung over the dining room for a moment, interrupting mothers' polyglot admonitions to children to mind their table manners. My own feelings were a mixture of delight at the promise of unexpected zest in store, and of resentment at coming upon distracting elements in the suburban hotel where I had expected to be sufficiently bored to be able to finish the Book.

A dozen words from an invisible gentleman had relegated my consideration of Chapter Five to the middle distance and concentrated my attention on the tangible silence behind me (for no neck-craning would bring the owner of the Voice into my line of vision).

In a few minutes, Jean, looking very much worried, hurried past me, watched more or less surreptitiously by every one in the dining room. As usual, the silver platter was "*très chaud, Monsieur,*" but Jean's tone was distinctly timorous. In answer, the Voice, rippling over a chuckle, grew suave, and even vaguely, humorously apologetic: "One has to roar like a lion sometimes to get any attention."

A mild little white-haired man in the corner shook his head deprecatingly. "Oh, I don't know about that, I never roar and Jean always serves me last — I suppose he wants to give me the choicest morsel as a reward for patience."

In answer, there came a gleeful laugh, kindly, a bit rueful: "Some people don't need to roar, Mr. Warren. And they are lucky. I wish I could be just naturally and frankly a lamb!"

Why has no impresario ever put on a play with half the actors behind the scenes answering those in front just for their own pleasure? What limitless possibilities! When the Book is finished, I may look into them!

"By the way, have you been down to the little cinema near the church this week?" The Voice was making conversation, as though atoning for the outburst of rage. "That Spinelly is an *actress*. How she could play Lady Macbeth. Of course she's

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a rollicking comedienne, but she should not waste her talents. The picture is a little *risqué*." Here the voice must have turned to a "sup" by his side. "What is it called? I've forgotten."

Almost inaudibly came the desired information: "*Amour à l'Américaine*."

A whimsical laugh. "Yes, very amusing indeed. Though you, as an American, might not find it so. Anyway Spinelly should be playing Lady Macbeth."

Spinelly was settled for all time, though she did not know it. And Mr. Warren was dazed—what did he know of Spinelly, or *risqué* films?

A chair scraped on the floor. Evidently roaring lions waste no time over luncheon and conversation. When a thing is done, it is done. A tall figure loomed beside me, nodded with perfunctory courtesy and strode from the room. A moment later, the same tall figure appeared in the garden framed by the open window. Against the ivy-covered wall in the brilliant sun, there was something cameo-like about the clear-cut profile, the fine head with its white hair swept straight back. He lighted his pipe, picked up his hat and disappeared through the gate. It was not until he was gone that I realized that the hat was of the broad-brimmed kind generally recognized as part of actors' more or less affected stock-in-trade. In his case, any other hat would have seemed a contradiction — so clearly did voice, walk and bearing bespeak the artist born and bred.

To my credit be it said that instead of following the match-trail he left behind him, I spent the afternoon on Chapter Six. I did not, however, resist the temptation of going into the garden before dinner in the hope of catching a glimpse of my unknown celebrity. For once virtue was rewarded beyond its expectations, for the celebrity slipped stealthily into the empty dining room and laid something on one of the tables with all the mischievousness of a small boy. Then, well-pleased with his prank, he sat down unconcernedly in his place to wait for the dinner bell.

The plot thickened as he half rose in ceremonious greeting of a lovely, starry-eyed little girl of eleven or twelve, followed by her father and her very beautiful mother. He returned at once to his book as the little girl pounced on the envelope with questioning, pleased surprise. It was she who danced across to the donor, so absorbed in his book and his dinner, that he looked up with ferocious mien at the intruder. Evidently the ferocious mien had its desired effect, for it melted into the kindliest of twinkles as the child laughed, bobbed her curtsy, smiled her thanks and ran back to her place. Her mother, smiling delightedly, leaned nearer to the child and read: "A little prize for Margaret to give her patience to wait for the Grand Prix for musical excellence."

Margaret's eyes shone with natural childish joy in the attention of some one she liked; but her mother was visibly impressed. "You spoil her, Mr. Craig. When she grows up she will cherish that wood-cut as her most precious possession."

Mr. Craig? The elusive Edward Gordon Craig? The man who has been accused of all the crimes known to the theatrical world? Of extermi-

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nating actors and authors and managers, of putting in their places masks and super-marionettes and scenery — even of substituting himself for them all? Could this be the man whose ideas the theatrical world had greedily gobbled up — reviling him unmercifully the while? Fate was indeed kind — and Chapter Seven and all the others could wait. Of course, I might not get a word out of him, but even Edward Gordon Craig could not prevent my watching and listening; he could not keep me from talking with Margaret's mother — perhaps even his secretary, though I fancied that her professional scruples might outweigh her pride in the "master."

As he came in from his after-dinner walk with his ever-present pipe, he strode across the garden, apparently oblivious to its occupants. At the door, he turned, his coat swinging from his shoulders—Don Juan? Hamlet? Again it was Margaret he singled out. "I'll play some music for you," he said, and disappeared. A perfect exit.

A few moments later, he looked down upon us from an upper window, like one of his own marionettes, or a mischievous Guignol.

"Do you like that one?"

Margaret answered ruefully, "I couldn't hear it."

His laugh rang out. "I haven't played it yet, but if you were polite you would say you liked it anyway!"

Then he set his phonograph on the window ledge and in the gathering twilight, he played Chopin and Bach; appearing in the window to announce each new selection, absorbed in the business of the moment, enjoying the concert he was giving for a little girl as much as any production on the stage.

The music went on till darkness fell, a square of light filled the window, he appeared silhouetted against it, bowed. The shutters closed upon him: "*E finito.*"

THE next morning my revision of Chapter Eight was being somewhat disturbed by shouts and screams from below, when suddenly a merry chuckling laugh rang out, grew ironical, Mephistophelian, mad — till the noisy children stopped their play, stood a moment transfixed gazing up at the house, then turned and ran panic-stricken out of sight. The wild laughter trailed off into quiet and I sent a silent vote of thanks to Gordon Craig.

At luncheon, a little apologetically, he remarked to Mr. Warren: "I hope I did not disturb any one this morning. Those damned children made so much noise I couldn't work, so I used the only means at my command to make them understand that there are pleasanter places to play than under my window. The chief of police will probably be coming along to take me to a padded cell, but at least I finished my book in peace, and I shall probably be far away before they get to my case. Excellent thing, laughter, Mr. Warren."

Evidently, I had no time to waste — should I try the secretary or Mr. Craig himself, or Margaret's mother? I had decided on trying the lion when he set my decision at naught by going off immediately after luncheon. But as it happened, the apparent misfortune was really a piece of luck, for Margaret's mother had a

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whole set of the *Mask*, and *Scene* and even *A Production* and *Hamlet* and *Bookplates* — and would be very glad to let me look at them. Only I should have to hurry and to promise not to tell, for she had to return them during the afternoon in order that they might be packed in preparation for Mr. Craig's departure. So while she kept a sharp look-out to warn me if Mr. Craig should return, I turned the pages of the *Mask*.

I had to be content with turning the pages rapidly, seizing here and there an idea — just as the theatre has always done! Here was the drawing of the antique theatre at Orange which had first shown him the dramatic value of tiny figures in great doors with deep shadows and straight lines. There was a diagram of a medieval multiple scene, precursor of his own. There were other tributes to the past, thus brought within the reach of the theatre of today: to medieval church rites with their perfect dramatic unity and discipline: to the *Commedia dell' Arte;* to the Elizabethan stage. There were masks and supermarionettes— all the groping and experimenting that have filled Gordon Craig's days in his long search for standards for the theatre, for "*lettres de noblesse*" that would bring it into its own. As Delacroix or Bourdelle drew the same foot or hand or bit of drapery a hundred times before setting it in paint or molding it in clay, so he had set down a hundred aspects of the same scene, dug up all the experience of the past and wondered about it.

He has been hailed — or reviled — as an innovator, yet what appeared here most clearly and perhaps most surprisingly was his intelligent "leaning" on the past. Everything in the theatres of all times and all places had been turned to account, adapted to modern needs, tinged with his personality epitomized for the use of the theatre of today. As Manet painted in the manner of Velasquez, or Goya, and still was Manet, so in the pages of the *Mask* Gordon Craig's ideal for the theatre, for actors, and acting and plays and settings appears embodying elements taken from many places and yet distinctly itself — a plea for a symphony made of all the crafts that make up the arts of the theatre — a symphony in which each would be given its proper place.

As my hostess grew increasingly impatient, I turned regretfully from the *Mask* and *Scene* and their story of tireless seeking for the theatre's touch-stone, to *A Production* — the perfect record of his marvelous representation of *The Pretenders* in Copenhagen in 1926. Here the "wheels go round" visibly — for of the many scenes so carefully drawn that no engineer could doubt Mr. Craig's technical skill, most were intended only to create atmosphere — not to be actual plans for stage use. And the scenes that were used and those that were not meant to be used are commented upon by Mr. Craig.

Regretfully again, I closed *A Production* over which I could have pored for hours, and opened the Cranach edition of *Hamlet* turning its pages with bated breath. If ever the essence of tragedy has been set down on paper it is in that marvelous edition, where blacks and grays of varying tones and every line of figures and backgrounds breathe bleak hopelessness.

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But these are not things to be regarded under the pressure of a possible interruption, so I turned back to the *Mask*, and my mental pursuit of Ellen Terry's son from the days when his one ambition was to be "a second Irving" to the time when he put on the *Pretenders* in Copenhagen. What a debt of gratitude he feels to his mother, and to Henry Irving! Yet in spite of his mother's disappointment when he, "a born actor," left the stage to pursue the theatre, he continued resolutely on his way. And what joy he got from those performances of the Purcell Opera Company which showed him the limitless possibilities of the stage — till then bounded as far as he was concerned by Irving — and set him to seeking a technique which would permit "the significance of the spoken word to be carried through the actor to the scene he moved in." Eliminate actors and spoken words? Not at all. One might experiment with silent actors moving in an atmosphere created for them (not in a picture-post-card reproduction of a place!); one might even try the effect of an empty scene with words coming from behind or above, or marionettes and masks. But the purpose behind all the experimenting was to create a scene — a place — to enhance the value of the actor and the spoken word.

Others have more or less hesitatingly followed in his wake, but even Max Reinhardt, who has gone as far along Mr. Craig's path as any producer since the days when he changed the whole style of his theatre because he realized the possibilities of Mr. Craig's ideas, has fallen far short of Mr. Craig's own goal. Isadora Duncan doubtless renewed his confidence, though even she did not see as far as he. And how Eleanora Duse, who saw in him the actor's only escape from fetters, must have reveled in the *Rosmersholm* he created for her.

I was marveling at the universality of the man's theatrical knowledge, and agreeing with George Jean Nathan that Gordon Craig must certainly have made the "greatest individual contribution to the stage" of modern times, when a "There he comes!" sent me scurrying down the stairs.

As luck would have it, I met Mr. Craig coming up. He smiled. And I ventured to ask if he would help a poor journalist to earn some jam for her bread.

"Of course," he answered, "if you will promise not to ask me to paint scenery for a fluffy-haired star. I will meet you after dinner in the garden."

THE nod with which he favored me as he stepped out into the garden that evening was nothing if not perfunctory, and I had some qualms as I followed him. They were forgotten, however, as we walked under the trees where kings had hunted, where lovely ladies had met their knights, where noisy children play. For he talked and talked, leaving ideas disconcertingly in mid-air, as if to say: "You go on from there." Jest or earnest? Both perhaps.

"What should I most like to do, you ask, if I could choose? Why now that I think of it, quite frankly, I believe I should like to stay where I am and do nothing for the rest of my life. No, I am not really tired, but I

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am tired of doing things for the theatre and getting none of the percentages. I suppose you think I should be satisfied with getting the credit, don't you? For instance, one could live for weeks on what Sir Oswald Stoll said the other day. (You know who Stoll is — the one and only impresario of London!) Well, he said that I brought the theatre to life, that my influence is seen in every great theatrical production of modern times and will probably be felt for 300 years to come! Think of that!

"I must admit that I am rather surprised, for I had always thought that Molière brought the theatre to life and that it had been dead ever since he died! Even before Molière, though, people had brought the theatre to life — theatre men, of course, not literary men who sometimes draw up a careful contract and give the theatre a little bit of their time.

"But I do like to hear Stoll say, like Hecate in *Macbeth*: 'Now, well done, I commend your pains' — for I suppose I have done something; but I can't help wishing he had added the second line — you remember? — 'And every one shall share in the gains.'

"I hate this talk about money as much as any one, but I can't help it, because I haven't any. You wouldn't hear me say a word about it if I had — that would be ill-bred."

Did he think, I wondered that he had to live up to his reputation for being mercenary?

"You think I am joking? Well, strictly between you and me I am just coming to what I should most like to do. I should like to sit down at a table with a nice white piece of paper and figure out what my share of the gains would be up to date. Then I should like to see a law passed giving every one the right to claim what is due him. I should only claim a fourth of mine, which I suppose would come to about £25,000.

"Isn't that serious enough for you yet? You must have been taking lessons at Geneva, where they say to the fellow who has nothing: 'Don't ask so much — get ready to give us something.'

"But you asked me what I should like to *do* not what I should like to *have*. It is a little hard to *do* anything if you *have* nothing, I must say. But I'd like to do a lot of things. To begin with, I'd like to get a hut to live in — my own.

"Where? Good Heavens! As near Dijon — or Paris — as possible. Why Dijon? Why Paris? Perhaps because Cherbourg is so near New York. I have always wanted to visit my friends in America. I'd like to see those little theatres of yours where my notions have been put to the *best* and the *worst* use possible. Of course, if I had lived in London I could have sailed from Southampton, I suppose. So perhaps I choose Paris or Dijon because the English have recently been good enough to settle a question which has long puzzled me.

"Heavens, no! They haven't given me a theatre! What a question! But there has always been rather a doubt in my mind as to whether one could, being an Englishman, decide to live for the rest of one's life in France, in America, or in some other country. To clear up this point to my own satisfaction, I went to England and

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hung around for six months, to see if there was any room for me. Though I am a free lance, I didn't want people to say, 'We couldn't find you — you spend so much time in Italy.' I wanted to be on the spot, in case any one might feel that I could be of use.

"But no one did. Of course one or two made me silly propositions about doing a little bit of scenery here; or conniving at the indiscretions of a manager there — changing the style of my work so that it might almost be recognized as his; sinking my own small personality in his greater one, so that I might do something 'pretty-pretty' on his stage, which he might label 'high art.' There was not one suggestion which any serious artist could possibly entertain for a moment.

"So you see, that's settled. There is no longer any question of my living in England. I am free to settle where I will, and it is a relief to have the matter cleared up definitely."

In spite of the tone of persiflage, his disappointment was poignantly evident. His tragedy was, in its way, the tragedy of Cyrano, or Chantecler, or Don Quixote, possessed of an ideal, convinced of their own power and unable to impress the people whom they longed to serve. But, while I was waxing maudlinly sentimental, he had gone on.

"I suppose you want to know what I think of the theatre today? Unfortunately, I have not seen your American theatre working, and before one can pass judgment, one must see and hear a play, an opera, a farce, a variety show and the rest in action. But I can tell you something about the English theatre. You may be surprised to hear me say that it probably contains as much talent today as the Russian Theatre which all critics admit is worthy of all praise. That is a catch phrase, but for once it happens to be a true one. The Russian theatre *is* worthy of all praise.

"And so, I repeat, is the *material* in the British theatre. Besides, we have a curious pull over the theatre of every other nation on earth because of that fellow Shakespeare. There's no getting away from Shakespeare — he wrote in English and you just can't translate him. I ought to know, for I was brought up on Shakespeare — read him every day, played him for fun when I was a kid and played him in dead earnest with Irving for eight years.

"Of course, there are people who say that he is not so compact a dramatist as Molière, that he is not so much *of* the theatre. Maybe! Goethe said he so far transcended the theatre as to be rather impossible on the boards! But as an Englishman, I should say that Shakespeare still awaits the proper representation. If any ass of an impresario heard me say that he would probably ask, 'Well, why don't *you* show us one?'

"But he wouldn't realize that this question of really producing Shakespeare has to be gone into thoroughly as scientists go into the analysis and application of some new element they have discovered. Radium, for instance. That can't be 'vamped' any more than Shakespeare can.

"Most modern impresarios, you see, are eager to exploit artists' stray thoughts and get the credit for them; they haven't time for thorough systematic scientific development of a

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dramatic area — and that is the only thing that interests me. I have no desire to show off what I can or can not do. And certainly at my time of life I can't compete with those people who put on revues and try to turn Shakespeare into a glorified Offenbach — glorified, and 'very artistic.'

"Perhaps you, being American, do not fully appreciate the significance of that 'very artistic.' It is a distinctly British expression, I think, which runs and twitters all over England. Let some impresario ring up the curtain on a lilac background, against which two ladies in silver dresses are silhouetted, facing to the right and to the left. Let them stand there a long time, looking very pensive — very pensive indeed: then let them begin to dance very brightly. I assure you that the whole of England will say, following the impresario as he taps with his baton: '*Very* artistic' — the whole of England, mind you!

"Now it is obvious that neither I nor any other pretty serious worker will dream of having anything to do with that sort of rubbish. Then, in addition to this stuff there is a good deal of what is called 'leg business,' of course; and a tremendous lot of the funny man, with his *doubles entendres* and *risqué* situations which are so *artistically* done that you can find nothing *horribly French* about them, though, of course, the *horribly French* seems to me to be free from all vulgarity. But you Americans know all about that, for although I have not seen your comic pieces, I have heard about them, and I know that they contain all the best elements of the Continental comic pieces.

"But to get back to the English theatre. I said we have as good material in England as they have in Russia. You wonder probably what becomes of it. Here is the answer: the conditions under which this excellent talent must work are absolutely destructive of *all* talent. Even Stanislavsky or Moskwin, who are as you know very fine Russian actors, would slowly have to stop being intelligent and original if they were subjected to the conditions which English actors must accept unless they want to be out of work. They would learn that unless you convulse English audiences exactly as they have been convulsed for a century or so, you simply can't amuse them at all, for they absolutely refuse to be amused.

"For just as there is a certain way for the conventional Englishman to come out of his front door, walk down the steps, turn to the right, walk down the street, say something to his friend — just as this rite is gone through with by millions of Englishmen, from millions of front doors in millions of places every day of the year, so there is one way for a comedian to act — and unless he acts in that way, he is no good. Now what can you do with such a public?

"On the other hand, those same English audiences love to see the foreigner come in and do things in his own way for a moment — it gives them such a pleasant sense of good old English superiority, it flatters their vanity, for no English audience will admit that it can't understand this foreign stuff. But it won't be long till those good English audiences will be saying that there are limits beyond which good behavior can not go. And they will object to

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Giovanni Grasso because he simply pours his personality on the stage — and explodes. Well, that is perfectly good Italian acting, though many Italians have told me how delightful they find certain English ladies and gentlemen on the English stage. These ladies and gentlemen strike them as so pleasant, so well-bred. And indeed there is no theatre in the world where you can see a better representation of a lady or a gentleman. It is my opinion that any theatre anywhere could gain a great deal by studying certain English actors and actresses who perform these two rôles to perfection.

"The playwrights? Their talent is so great that, like Shakespeare, they are unactable. Certainly no higher compliment can be paid to English dramatists of today! Of course, there are some burly pushing folk who get their paradoxical plays on in a paradoxical manner; but these, I would have you know are the 'better-than-Shakespeares.' Strangely enough there is a third lot, who are really first class and who now and again get a long run for their money — I mean to say, *and* their money.

"I wish I had something to say about Noel Coward, but I have never seen any of his pieces. I have an idea that I should applaud vehemently at the end of each act. I did hear a part of one of his plays on the gramophone once. I forget the name, but it struck me as an astounding interpretation of life. I heard the record through, and thought to myself, 'What a common bit of goods!' Then I thought again to myself, 'What an extraordinary talent Coward must possess!' For I know that the piece could be really beautiful in the strong sense of the word if interpreted by two actors of a different calibre — perhaps I mean my lady and gentleman actors. But then, the lady and gentleman actors would not be able to give it so much force. So there you are again: Coward goes in with Shakespeare!

"However, I am thoroughly prepared to admire Coward, because he writes his own play, produces it, acts in it and actually — so I am told — rings up the curtain, which I have always felt to be one of the most difficult tasks — except that of ringing it down — in the whole theatrical craft.

"THAT is enough about the British stage — let's talk about the stage as a whole. Consider the opera — *William Tell*, for example, or *La Bohème*, or for that matter, any play or any ballet. What is all this, now. Come to it quite simply, as about eight hundred million inhabitants of the earth would come to it. They would look at each other in astonishment. 'Why should people,' they would say, 'look at us like this? Why should they open their mouths, and puff up as if they were about to burst — even the great ones? Or why should they bounce up and down in this bird-like fashion? Why assault us with their acting?' Haven't you often at the opera wondered suddenly what all the noise was about?

"That wasn't really a digression, for I imagine it explains English acting. English actors have probably felt as you do, as I do, and they have said, 'Let us behave, at any rate, like ladies and gentlemen.' And they do — but if one behaves in an entirely lady-like and gentleman-like man-

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ner, one can't get across the footlights.

"What are we to think of a stage on which we find that the more beautiful and finer the work, the less visible it is to the spectators? No other art can have this terrible indictment brought against it. We take the trouble of going around architecture to look at it; we go nearer to painting — or stand further off. We make some effort. Whereas in the theatre, we are fixed in our seats, and it must come to us.

"So the problem is, as you see, how to be as catastrophic as great tragedy, or tremendous comedy, and at the same time, so fine that your performance is gentlemanly and ladylike. Isn't it strange that nowhere but on the stage is it impossible to have something queer, interesting and yet very refined? You may have it in eating and drinking: oysters and caviar are acquired tastes; calvados, vodka, all kinds of liqueurs are strange and interesting — and not at all appealing to what is called the 'vulgar' palate. But on the stage there can be nothing of that kind."

Pacing along under the trees, puffing at his pipe, lighting and relighting it eternally, he was again thinking aloud, as he had done all his life to the puzzlement of all those who would have things finished and pigeon-holed. Was he trying to baffle me? I knew, as plainly as though he had told me, that as far as I was concerned he had done with the stage. I was to make what I could of his observations, and praise and criticism — to decide for myself where he was in deadly earnest, where he was joking, where he was simply wondering.

So I risked a question about his own accomplishment, expecting instant annihilation. It was not as devastating as I had feared, though he fairly exploded: "Oh, why *will* you bring it back to *me?* I so much prefer to talk about things I like or dislike — not about my own things, about which I can't have an opinion!" He went on, "Everything I ever did interested me." (Even a phonograph concert for a little girl, I thought.)

"But if I had to choose say four or five distinct things and forget all the others? Why, I couldn't get along without my eight years' apprenticeship with Irving," he puffed hard at his pipe, "nor my first three productions — you remember? — those musical pieces by Handel and Purcell, *Dido and Aeneas*, *Acis and Galatea* and the *Masque of Love*. Then, of course, I should have to keep the *Mask*, and my book on *The Art of the Theatre* and the *Hamlet* — if it weren't packed, I'd like to show you that." Little did he suspect our villainy!

"And why would I choose those particular things? The reason is very simple. I was not interfered with while I was doing them. Any artist will understand that!

"At least that is true of all of them but the first. There I was interfered with all the time — but Henry Irving did the interfering. That was quite different. And I have found that the rules under which the few good theatres of today work are practically the same as those he taught me. I don't mean that he ever maintained that there was only one way of acting, of producing, or of lighting. And the results he ob-

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tained were different from those of the best modern theatres. His method was not the same either. But the principles underlying both the method and the result were the same, those principles of work and discipline, of care and attention to ordinary simple things.

"It is very odd, but there is hardly anything you learn to do in this world, any calling you go into, from which these principles can be absent if you wish to excel. And that is the real trouble with the world today — people too often fail to observe these ordinary working rules, chief among which is perhaps this one: '*too many cooks spoil the broth.*'

"That is the trouble with Europe and with America — with the whole world: too many cooks. Can you hear the shrieks of the same old gang? 'Tyranny! Autocracy! Dictatorship!' Exactly. That's just what it has to be, and when anything better can be found — good luck to it! But a million years will come and go, and nothing better will be found — not for this earth.

"Where would Italy be? Where would the King of Italy be if he had failed to realize this? The worst of it is that in a theatre you can't seize the power as you can in government. A political dictator first of all takes good care to have behind him the necessary force — not merely the force of personality but the positive physical force of so many hundred thousand men. He seizes power, keeps everybody quiet, carries on at ten times the pace, with ten times the common sense, toward good results."

He was a long way from the things he had done. But why he had not already left me sitting alone in the deserted garden was a mystery. I was determined to make the most of the gifts the gods had provided, and pulled him back to himself.

"And now you want a life history? Good Lord! You know, my parents were both artists. My mother had been on the stage since she was six, but *I* didn't get on till I was seventeen. I have always wished I had gone on at seven. I taught myself to draw with the help of some friends — how I should have liked to go to a good art school, for drawing lessons in schools aren't as good as real art school courses. I even learned to play the piano, though I never could read music except with the greatest difficulty. However I had 'a good ear' and later on I set some verses to music, Heine's and some old English verses. I don't know whether the result was of much value, but I do know that I should have liked to study music, too, in the proper way.

"I was, as I said, eight years with Irving, acting small parts and then I spent three years trying to find a different way of doing old theatricals. When at last I found it, I started practising it instantly — or at least the part I had found — trying to evolve the rest as I went along. Of course you know that I got no encouragement in England. If I could have gone on for six or seven years, I should probably have found the necessary financial support that such work must have. But you will admit that a year is not enough to show the value of anything. And besides, I am not very clever at intrigue — nor am I any sort of business man. So I was

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unable to wheedle people into giving me a theatre.

"There! it doesn't take long to tell, you see!"

Of course he had left out some of the most interesting years. I should have liked to know all about that short-lived Theatre Arts School in Florence where at last it seemed that he could have the opportunity he had longed for, only to see it swept away by the War. But I fancied he might not like to talk of the dream which had had so sad an awakening, so I turned to other channels.

"What do I read for pleasure? This is worse than the Inquisition — and I shall never talk to another American journalist as long as I live. But while I am at it, I suppose I may as well go the limit. I read the best and the worst books I can find! I read the essays of Montaigne when I can have quiet and have no need to worry for the morrow — so you can imagine that I don't read them often. Then I read Lord Byron's prose — and all the biography I can find. But when I am troubled for the morrow, and recently that is almost every day, I read pleasant things like *The Mystery of the Hansom Cab* and *Ballyhoo;* I seldom read a novel heralded by the *Times* or the *Morning Post* as one of those books which deal with the 'deep subconscious emotions of the writer!' — for which I do not give one dried fig. I can not see how people can be so lacking in emotions themselves as to have any desire to enter into those of the said gentleman, especially if he is a real gentleman! The more gentlemanly those subconscious emotions are, the more appallingly tedious they become.

"Haven't I talked enough? Do you want me to say that I adore the cinema? Well, I did adore the cinema once when I was a poor working man with no time till evening to go out and see a show. In Florence I used to go to three or four in one evening! In those days no one went earnestly to the cinema — you just fell in and fell out. The film didn't last very long; the seats were not comfortable. There was no idea of catering to the stupid, snob part of humanity — I mean our preference for plush-covered, eight-springed *fauteuils*, beautiful alabaster lamps with lighting that goes slowly up and slowly down, music that groans and twirls and all that nonsense. I am talking of 1908 and 1909, you understand. Very few cinemas then, if I remember correctly, had orchestras or anything of that kind. The solemnity of the cinema's artistic mission had not been discovered. And in those days if you saw a comedian, he was an ordinary comedian, and generally very good indeed. I don't believe it took more than a week or so to make a film then, and you forgot it in less than a week. Nowadays it takes at least a year to make a film, I am told, and it takes more than that to forget it. So all the advantages are on the side of the old film.

"These new ones are slightly ossifying — yes that is the word! Ossification is setting in, and the theories of dynamics and shock values are upon us. Or rather they are upon *you* for I'm off. Good-bye! Merry Christmas! Come and see me when you come over again!"

He disappeared into the house — in fact he disappeared altogether, for his table was empty the next day, and all the days following.

Come and see him, indeed! Where?

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An Error of Identity

By T. J. Cauley

Who are the submarginal farmers that the economists say must be eliminated before agriculture can regain its former prosperity?

"An increasing group of economists believes that fundamentally an adjusted production will build up a wealthier farm population. This does not mean lesser total production, but lesser submarginal production. It does not involve the stopping of progress, or the lesser use of machinery, land, or labor. It may, in fact, involve the greater use of all three. It does involve the turning back of unprofitable land and the ridding of agriculture of incompetent producers by permitting the free play of the weeding process of price."

This is a quotation from a recent book written by Professor Bernhard Ostrolenk, called *The Surplus Farmer*.

Professor Ostrolenk is correct in saying that an increasingly large group of economists is coming to hold this view concerning the fundamental process by which farm relief is to be obtained. In their writings and various public utterances of other sorts they have made a good showing toward proof of their contentions. All orthodox economic theory, from David Ricardo on down, is on their side. Professor Ostrolenk, in fact, in the little book cited above supports his view with what most of his readers, no doubt, have considered unanswerable arguments.

What type of farmer do economists and others generally have in mind when they speak of the "submarginal farmer" or the "incompetent producer"? Usually it appears to be a farmer who employs small scale methods, utilizes hand labor as against machinery, and does not specialize in the production of any single crop or type of live-stock. Further, he is thought of as carrying on these operations on poor land, either from the standpoint of its lack of fertility or its remoteness from markets or both. He is the "hillbilly," the "backwoodser." He raises a little patch of corn, a little dab of potatoes, and other dabs of various other crops. He has a few head of scrub live-stock which subsist largely upon what the Lord provides. His methods are traditional, not to say superstitious, rather than scientific. Of business efficiency he has none.

This is the type of farmer who is to be removed from agriculture for his own good and for the good of the industry as a whole, and the process

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by which he is to be removed is that of the "weeding process of price," which is to say that he is to be driven into bankruptcy by the low prices of farm products and thereby eliminated as a producer.

If this is the type of farmer who is to be eliminated, what type is to be left to carry on agricultural production? The type is described in almost glowing terms by Professor Ostrolenk:

> A few farmers with foresight and the available capital have been able to make use of them [all the vast variety of new and improved machines for use in agriculture]; but the vast majority is still farming as in the days before the tractor. The vastly increased production during and after the World War in spite of lessened farm help must be attributed to this small minority who had begun to avail themselves of these extraordinary aids to production. Their influence contributes to the surplus. And that surplus must rise as more farmers come under the spell of a mechanized agriculture. But a second phase in the agricultural revolution, and one more significant than the mechanization of agriculture, is the metamorphosis of the farmer into a business man. For years agricultural colleges in every state had been graduating groups of young men who were returning to the farms with new ideas. The high schools were supplementing this work with the younger boys who could not go to college. Extension systems of agricultural colleges brought to every hamlet the latest information on the newer agricultural methods. By institute demonstrations, lectures, fairs and exhibits the farmer was introduced to the results of researches that were laying the foundation for the agricultural revolution. Crop production and animal husbandry were raised from superstition to a science. These newer farmers studied markets, and demanded and received more accurate information about crop movements, intended plantings, market demand, and distribution agencies. They adjusted their production to costs, scrutinized coöperation from the realistic platform of results, and timed their farm operations with the availability of labor. They rewarded the introduction of new varieties with their full patronage; they appreciated the value of seed selection; studied fertilizer tests; acted on the new principles of soil conservation; and vigorously fought the inroads of insects and pests. Farming ceased to be a personal vocation to them dependent on weather or whims, and became an industry and science, with reasonably exact forecasts in production for each unit of land, labor and capital employed.

THE chief difficulty in the operation of bankruptcy as a process whereby the submarginal farmer is to be removed from agriculture is that bankruptcy, the "weeding process of price" spoken of above, is a pecuniary process. That business man or that farmer goes into bankruptcy who can not meet the pecuniary obligations which arise from the operation of his enterprise. If there be no pecuniary obligations there can be no bankruptcy, in the strict sense of the term; and the point is that the group of farmers who are generally considered as being submarginal do not typically incur any serious pecuniary obligations.

On the bare face of it, this probably appears to be a wholly unwarranted statement. As a matter of fact, however, it follows simply from the fact that the farmer of this type does not have the opportunity or the occasion to incur large financial obligations. His total purchases are, to begin with, small; and in the second place, they are in most cases cash transactions, for the very adequate reason that he does not have access to credit to any appreciable degree. A partial exception to this is to be found in the case of a certain class of tenant farmers in the South who typically obtain credit from the local merchants upon the endorse-

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ment of their landlords, but this credit is strictly limited as to amount and really represents an obligation of the landlord rather than of the tenant.

Generally speaking, the route of escape from bankruptcy in time of financial stress lies in the reduction of the costs of production, given a certain selling price for the output of the industry. The typical small scale farmer, as described above, can, and generally does, accomplish a reduction in his costs of production simply by lowering the scale of living of himself and his family. Under his technique of production, the chief item is that of labor, and the labor is furnished by the farmer himself and the members of his family. What do these workers receive as wages? Even in good times they usually receive nothing more than "a living," and in hard times the farmer of this type automatically lowers his labor costs by lowering the scale of living of his family. This process can be, and as a matter of fact is, carried to almost unbelievable lengths. It does not result in bankruptcy, for bankruptcy is a pecuniary phenomenon consisting of an excess of liabilities over assets; and a farmer of this backward, relatively self-sufficing type simply is not subject to it.

On the other hand, the comparatively few farmers who have industrialized their farms, in that the purchase and use of complex machinery and specialization of production constitute industrialization, operate them according to the pecuniary pattern; and these enterprises are subject to bankruptcy in the regular sense of the term. Farmers of this type regularly purchase machinery and other forms of equipment and supplies in large amounts, thereby incurring heavy pecuniary obligations, either in the form of debts or of heavy fixed charges. Their production is typically specialized to the extent that their incomes are derived almost solely from the sale of a single crop or other product. They have a negligible income in the form of commodities which can be immediately consumed by the farm family. They operate on such a scale that the hiring of much labor is essential. This labor force must be paid money wages in advance of the sale of the crop in the production of which it was employed. None of these items can be appreciably reduced in amount by a mere lowering of the standard of living of the farmer's family, and the aggregate of them is too large to be influenced significantly by scrimping on the grocery bill and things of that sort. It is this class of farmers that is, it would appear, particularly subject to bankruptcy in the way in which bankruptcy may operate as an eliminator of unfit producers.

But obviously enough, these industrialized farmers are not the "incompetent producers" to whom reference is made in the above quotation. They are, on the contrary, what is considered the very highest type of farmers. Nevertheless, in spite of their manifold economic virtues, the available data indicate that they are the ones who have been eliminated from farming by the "weeding process of price" during the past several years and not the "incompetent" farmers operating on "submarginal" land. The highest rates of farm bankruptcy since 1920 have been in the Mountain States and the West

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North Central States, exactly the two sections in which capitalistic or industrialized farming has been developed most highly.

It may even be argued that the "weeding process of price" is not really effective in reducing the farm population when the need for such reduction is greatest at all. If the process did function, the greatest exodus from the farm would occur when farm prices are lowest in proportion to non-farm prices, as they have been for the past two years. As a matter of fact, the farm population has shown a considerable net gain during this period, this being the first gain either relative or absolute which the farm population has experienced since 1920.

Farmers as a class simply are not eliminated from farming in the same way as are manufacturers, for example, from manufacturing: for the quite adequate reason that the great bulk of farms are not organized and conducted as pecuniary enterprises. A non-specialized, non-industrialized farm is about the only remaining escape in this land and country from the vagaries of a capitalistic system which has been decidedly groggy of late.

During the school year of 1930–1931 I helped to make a land utilization study in the Champlain Valley region of Vermont. In the latter part of August, 1930, we checked the number of abandoned farm-houses in the area. The general business depression was under way by that time, but it had not become nearly so severe as it did later, as is a matter of common knowledge. A year later in August, 1931, we again checked the number of unoccupied farm-houses in the area and found that it had declined by about twenty per cent. Many of the erstwhile abandoned houses had been occupied during the year by families which had moved out of the depression-ridden factory towns of New England, in spite of the fact that farm prices in general and the price of milk, the chief product of these Vermont farms, in particular had declined enormously in the meantime. I asked one of the newly arrived farmers why he had come back to the farm at such a time, and he answered that on the farm his family at least had a roof over its head and a fair amount of something to eat, whereas in the industrial city which he had recently left they had had neither of these. Which impressed me as being a reasonable answer. And essentially the same sort of thing has happened all over the country during the same period.

THE argument continues: "A judiciously directed migration of a million or more farmers from the farm to large industrial centres, probably, would be absorbed just as readily as have been the eight million immigrants coming to this country from Europe during the decade of 1900 to 1910." It should be said in fairness that this sentence was probably written or at least conceived before the present debacle in urban industry occurred, although the book in which it is contained was not published until 1932. In any case, it has a strangely hollow ring just now.

Granting, however, that a million uprooted farmers could be thus easily absorbed by urban industry, the point is that the first million farmers

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who will be chased off the farm by low prices will *not* be the million who are least competent according to business standards and located on the poorest land. They are, on the contrary, much more apt to be the ones who have bought flocks and droves of new tractors, trucks, gang-plows, harvesters, improved doodads and gadgets in general, in the typical manner of a fairly small down-payment and the remainder due in instalments, to operate high-priced land, bought on credit, in the finest farming sections of the country. The implement dealers will have repossessed the machinery and an insurance company will have the land, while back up in the hills and down in the pine barrens, the "submarginal" farmers will be found doing business as usual, the only difference being that they will be a little more "submarginal" than they were before.

If the economists and other friends of the farmer are interested in seeing a "judiciously directed migration of a million or more farmers from the farm," they had best select some method other than that of "permitting free play to the weeding process of price." This phrase sounds well enough, but the process doesn't seem to work out in the manner anticipated.

The only way in which the majority of "submarginal" farmers can be got out of farming is literally to starve them out, and self-sufficing farming is one of the slowest methods of starving to death. Some observers have maintained that in spite of its slowness it is also one of the surest methods, but the past three years would tend to indicate that there are other methods characterized by equal, if not greater, certainty, and much quicker in operation.

It is not in the backward, non-specialized agrarian communities of the South and Southwest that the need for public relief to prevent starvation is so urgent at the present time, but in the "large industrial centres," to which it is proposed to shift a million or more farmers. The net effect of doing this just now would be to give the Reconstruction Finance Corporation a still broader field in which to demonstrate its powers of rehabilitation by the lending of money to urban industries and municipalities, which might be something, but not much in the way of farm relief.

A farmer lounging on the courthouse lawn in a little town in Tennessee said, "When a farmer starts keepin' books he'll go broke shore as hell," in which he apparently said something closely approaching a profound truth. But "submarginal" farmers do not keep books and do not conduct their farming operations in the bookkeeping spirit, so to speak. And consequently they do not go broke, any more than the wild Indians ever went broke. At times they pull in their belts and at other times they let them out a little, but by and large they keep on farming.

And strangely enough, a bushel of corn when eaten has the same power to sustain life when it is selling for fifteen cents as when it is selling for $1.75. This power is to be measured, if at all, in such units as calories and vitamines, which matters are not influenced by the processes of pecuniary evaluation in the market places. The like is true of pork sausages,

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scrambled eggs and blackberry preserves.

It might be noted further that sunsets and the blooming of roses are phenomena which are not subject to the exigencies of the business cycle; and, quite inappropriately, it is more often the "submarginal" farmer than the industrially efficient one who is influenced in his decision to stay on the farm by such considerations as these.

All of which may be interpreted as fairly raising the question of just who is the submarginal farmer. When is a farmer submarginal? Possibly a logical answer would be that the submarginal farmer is the one who is so poorly adapted to the environment in which he is attempting to operate that sooner or later it becomes necessary for him to go elsewhere. And on the other hand, the supramarginal farmer would be that one who has so adapted his technique of living to the existing conditions that he is able to continue to live in the same environment year after year with no very appreciable change in his methods of production or his standard of life. Looked at in this way, isn't it possible that the type of farmer who is generally considered submarginal isn't submarginal after all? No attempt will be made to settle the issue here; the question is merely raised.

And in the same connection, what is submarginal land, or "unprofitable" land? Might it not be argued that the most unprofitable farm land in recent years has been the fine Iowa corn land, and other lands of comparable grade, which was bought for $600 an acre back in the days of the golden haze which spread over that section of the country in 1919 and the early months of 1920? Certainly it has been easier to "make a living" since then on poor land than to pay off the mortgage on such one-time high-priced land.

Before you can eliminate the submarginal farmer you must locate him, something which I am not sure has been accomplished as yet. It may be, after all, that Professor Ostrolenk and the others have hit upon the most effective method of eliminating the submarginal farmer; but if they are right as to the method, they are wrong as to the identity of the victim, which is, it would appear, the graver error.

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The Modest Novelists

By Louise Maunsell Field

Among all classes of men and women, they are the only ones who have not given us panaceas — at least in their books

During the past few years much has been said and more written about trends and aspects of modern fiction. Faint reverberations of the once desperate conflicts of Humanists and Anti-Humanists still linger in the air, and the enthusiasm which in bygone days hailed the "stream of consciousness" method as the only completely admirable one is not yet entirely forgotten. Yet at least one marked change in modern fiction has passed unnoticed: the all but entire disappearance of the panacea novel.

Not so very long ago, our novelists were more than ready to propound remedies for practically every social and spiritual ailment known to man. Often the remedies, and the methods of suggesting them were, if not precisely the same, at any rate very similar. There was a time when marital fiction was mainly concerned with the taming of the rebellious female, usually by her strong, silent and much misunderstood husband. When the lady submitted, the story ended. A little later, the marital novel became concerned with the wife's economic independence. Most, if not all, ills to which marriage was subject were to be healed forthwith either by the wife's continuing her career (it was almost invariably a career) after marriage, and thereby producing a bank account of her own, or else by her willingness to relinguish it forthwith and become a simple nurse and housekeeper. The capital and labor novel was more one-sided, and usually proclaimed trades unionism or socialism as the one possible cure for strikes, lockouts, poverty and greed. This type of novel frequently centred about the return of son or daughter from college or travel to confront a capitalistic parent, rebuke him for his improper conduct of the factory (it was almost always a factory) over which he was a more or less absolute ruler, and become a prominent figure in a strike; after which father usually saw the light and developed into a leading exponent of what was then known as social justice. Another, and no less favored variation of this type of panacea novel was the conversion of the rich "Society" girl by the poor and humbly born but excessively noble young man, who either married her after she had renounced her "tainted" fortune, or helped

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her to use it as a means of "social service."

These were outstanding examples, but there were many others, more or less affiliated with them. The novel whose hero or heroine learned "reality" and the "true meaning of life" by temporarily residing in a slum; the very popular type whose worldly and selfish heroine was turned into a model of all the virtues by being compelled for some more or less — usually less — convincing reason to take care of an extremely small child; the yet more popular all-for-love variation, in which all woes were supposedly shed at the altar; the religious novel, the anti-divorce novel, the art-above-all novel, the redemption-through-parenthood novel; each of them differing in many ways, yet all alike in that they suggested some panacea, either for particular forms of social or personal ailments, or for the general ills of humanity at large.

Suddenly as margins in the 1929 stock market, all these have vanished. The shelves of the book sellers, the columns of the book reviews, know them no more.

If you want to realize how thorough the change has been, take a look through some of the more notable novels of the season, and see how many of them offer or suggest any cure, any palliation even, for anything at all. The fundamental difference between the novel of yesterday and that of today lies in the fact that yesterday's novel looked forward hopefully to a better time, and often suggested some way by which the coming of that better time might possibly be hastened; today's novel only presents conditions and situations more or less as they are, but with neither suggestion for nor apparently any faintest hope of improvement.

Take for example that very real and consequently very painful novel of the depression, Catherine Brody's *Nobody Starves*. She shows us two factory workers, a girl and a young man, who fall in love and are married. The ceaseless haunting fear of being out of work, the desperate hunt for jobs when those they have are lost, the bewilderment and helplessness and deadening despondency are presented clearly and so forcefully that the insecurity of these two, typical of so many between whom and starvation there is only the thin ice of precarious employment, makes you feel that the lives of all you love and your own too are threatened. But of suggestion for improvement there is none. The novelist of yesterday would in nine cases out of ten have had some sort of remedy to propose, some method of social regeneration which in his opinion at least would make such suffering impossible. Miss Brody sets forth the conditions of unemployment as we know they are; nothing more. Already in his inherently tragic story of a small business in a London backwater, *Angel Pavement*, J. B. Priestley had portrayed the insecurity of the white collar class; and like Miss Brody, he had no cure to offer.

Another English novel, Phyllis Bentley's remarkable *Inheritance*, traces the rise and decline of an industry, and the relations between its employers and employed. Beginning with the attempted smashing of the

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frames by the starving Luddites, the story goes on through the agitation against child-labor in the mills and the Chartist rising to the depression of today, showing the point of view of each side — and suggesting no way out. The change in mental attitude of the mill-owning Oldroyds from a genuine care, affection almost, for the cloth they make to interest only in the money for which they can sell it, though it has much to do with their fortunes as a family and is mainly responsible for their downfall, has little if anything to do with the social ills the novel presents. The first Oldroyd loved cloth; but that fact did not lessen the unemployment resulting from the substitution of those frames which now seem so primitive for the hand-labor which was more primitive still.

Miss Bentley's rich and absorbingly interesting novel has been highly and justly praised. Her theme is the rise and fall of a Yorkshire family whose background is a great industry, a theme which would almost certainly, a few years ago, have resulted in a panacea novel; a few years ago, but not today. Now the emphasis is laid upon the incalculable power of heredity, a power which is, too, a determining factor of Pearl S. Buck's superb novel, *Sons*. As in the youngest Oldroyd, David, there develops an intense interest in the family mills and their history, so in the son of the war lord, Wang the Tiger, there develops a passion for the land, inherited from his grandfather, Wang Lung the farmer, and his grandmother, O-lan. In China as in England the wheel goes round full circle, and the end returns as nearly as possible to the beginning. Francis Oldroyd wanted to take his son away from Yorkshire; Wang the Tiger tries to turn his into a warrior; both are defeated by what used to be known as the call of the blood, that mysterious force of heredity from which there is no escape and for which there is no remedy.

The relations of men and women in the holy but difficult married and in the less holy but quite as difficult semi-married state were once almost as provocative of panaceas as those of capital and labor. But look at the way Edith Wharton deals with those of the semi-married in her new novel, *The Gods Arrive*. Her heroine, Halo Tarrant, whom readers of *Hudson River Bracketed* will remember, leaves her husband and goes abroad with Vance Weston, the young writer in whose genius she believes. The resulting situation is developed with all Mrs. Wharton's well-known skill and understanding, developed logically and with a sureness one does not even question, until Halo Tarrant, separated from her lover, returns to her old home on the Hudson, and there prepares for the birth of her illegitimate child. This is the point where interest grows tense. What is to become of Halo and her baby? How will she behave, how will others behave towards her, when she is in a position which, despite all present-day talk of freedom and the woman's right to complete sexual liberty, still remains distinctly unconventional, at least in the class to which Halo belongs? And what about the child? How is it to be brought up? Dozens of questions arise. But having brought her heroine thus far, Mrs. Wharton evades every issue. The only solution she can offer is to make "an honest

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woman" of Halo in true Eighteenth Century fashion. She presents her problems; then disposes of them by means of a reconciliation in which, it may be incidentally remarked, the reader does not believe for a moment.

A FEW years ago, novelists often addressed themselves to mass difficulties, or else to such dilemmas of the individual as might be considered existent in the lives of many. Today, they are turning more and more to those which concern only the particular individual or group involved, and are consequently beyond reach of any panacea. Consider two such very different writers as John Galsworthy, latest winner of the Nobel prize, and William Faulkner, writers alike only in that each has power, and that each can handle his own particular style remarkably well. Mr. Galsworthy's new, exceptionally interesting and very beautiful novel, *Flowering Wilderness*, is the story of a fine and lovable woman, a lady in the best sense of that most abused of words, who would gladly have given all for love, and of a man who had violated the code of his caste, and was not sure himself whether he had done so for reasons justifiable or altogether ignoble. The different ways in which different people regard the thing he did, the revelation of character and dexterous setting forth of social comedy are beyond praise. There enters too the question of how far defiance may be carried without degenerating into degradation, the yet larger question "how far a person might go to save his life without losing what was called his soul," and both remain unanswered. Both are more or less interwoven with Dinny Cherrell's love affair, but it is Dinny about whom the book revolves, and her troubles are the result of circumstances practically unique.

In Mr. Galsworthy's story, most of the people have somewhere in them "a vein of pure gold," even if it is only of the nine-carat value Fleur ascribes to Wilfrid Desert, but though gold is not entirely absent from Mr. Faulkner's novel, is indeed somewhat obtrusively present in the character of Byron Bunch, the general impression left by the book is one of foulness and corruption. Joe Christmas, its most important figure and the one the reader best remembers, has Negro blood, and that black strain seems to creep wormlike through his entire personality, leaving behind it a trail of slime, slime which smears itself over almost the entire story of lust and violence and murder. The novel has power; there are touches of compassion and of understanding; there is excellent phrasing too, and the swing and rush of dramatic narrative. Though at times it makes you long for a bath and plenty of fresh air, Hightower has at the last his longed for vision, and in his realization that he is an "instrument of some one outside myself," in his glimpse of the *Light in August* forming a halo full of the faces of those he has known, faces he now sees touched with a new serenity, the book rises to a plane far higher than that level of brutality, lewdness and nymphomania on which it lingers so long. But if it has any remedy to offer the Joe Christmases of this world, torn between what the older writers knew as their higher and lower natures, that remedy is—

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death. For it was death which at last freed the Joe Christmas of the book from his polluting black blood.

It is perhaps this very hopelessness, this sense of ills for which they have no cure to offer, which sets so many writers to work producing detective stories or tales of adventure. Yet adventure story though it is, tale of an uncharted island on which there is a wonderful treasure, and of the one woman and three men who go to seek it, J. B. Priestley's *Faraway* is no less a tale of lost dreams than is his *Angel Pavement*. The wicked triumph, and not only is the treasure lost, but all else as well. William Dursley, in whose not very exhilarating company we journey, finds the delicious-looking fruit tasteless, the lady of splendor and romance a shallow second-rate creature, easily fascinated by the cheap graces of a movie actor. Yet though adventure leaves him longing for home and security, home and security, when attained, prove deadly dull. The apples of the Hesperides may dissolve into dust and ashes; but for him who has once sought them the ordinary, orchard-grown variety have lost all lure and savor. Adventurous, entertaining, splendid novel though it is, rich in characterization and in arresting comment, Mr. Priestley's tale is nevertheless a story of life's emptiness and futility. In the days of the panacea novel, such a book would have ended either on a note of high romance or of hard-won serenity; not so this 1932 novel, *Faraway*.

THIS same sense of having no remedy to offer for present-day perplexities is quite probably what is driving other authors back into the past. E. M. Delafield's brilliant and ironic *A Good Man's Love* belongs to the last century, while Francis Brett Young's very enjoyable romance of *The House Under The Water* tells of a Victorian family, the Tregarons, and of Nant Escob, their ancestral home in Wales. Beautifully written, as full of the sounds and scents and spirit of "Wild Wales" as Mr. Galsworthy's novel is of those of the English countryside, its central figure, Griffith Tregaron, splendidly conceived and set forth, *The House Under The Water* is a notable novel, but a novel of the days that are past, with no concern for present ills. Du Bose Heyward is yet another who has gone back to the last century. His *Peter Ashley* is a young Charlestonian, a Unionist, caught up in the passions of the days immediately preceding the outbreak of the Civil War, those momentous days when South Carolina seceded joyfully from the Union, and the Stars and Stripes still waved over Fort Sumter. That little while, when the flower of Southern civilization was in full bloom, Mr. Heyward has seized and transfixed in his pages, crystallizing into words the gaiety and hopefulness and pathetic lack of foresight, so that we see and sympathize and could almost weep over the blindness of these gallant gentlemen and lovely ladies, so totally unaware of the tragedy swiftly approaching. *Peter Ashley* is a book of beauty, of an almost Greek sense of oncoming doom; and of nostalgia, a nostalgia of which the author is himself perhaps not fully aware, though it permeates his book.

For if the present-day novel is

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devoid of any hopeful looking to the future as a time when the remedies it suggests will cure the ills of the present, it is often filled with a longing for what has been and is no more. The nostalgia of Mr. Heyward's *Peter Ashley* develops into something not unlike bitterness in Ellen Glasgow's *The Sheltered Life*. There the past appears embodied in that brave and kindly gentleman, General Archbald, whose memories of his bygone years give us one of the finest chapters in recent fiction, and in beautiful Mrs. Birdsong, a creature nourished on illusions, turning her lovely back upon reality, yet always fine, always courteous and exquisite and charming, while the present takes shape in the form of that shallow, treacherous little cat, Jenny Blair Archbald. Old-fashioned Commander Ivybridge, again and again referred to as belonging to the past, is by far the most lovable person in *Faraway*. The already mentioned Galsworthy novel casts more than one glance backwards, a glance in which the effort to banish longing is plainly visible. Far more definite than any of these in its wistful turning to what has been is Sir Philip Gibbs's very worth while novelized comment on modern England, *The Anxious Days*. Here we see the young men and women of today drifting rudderless on uncharted seas, and here, very significantly indeed, we find them struggling at last to set their course by the stars of the old tradition, "honour and honesty and self-sacrifice," the old "traditional loyalty in a time of danger," while the hero of the book is an ex-naval officer who believes in "playing the game," and even in doing one's duty. Whether Stephen Compton's ideas and ideals are ageless or not, their acceptance marks a change from impatience with the past and visioning a Golden Age in the future to an insistence upon a return to the past as the only means of transmuting the present from lead to silver, gold being more than can be reasonably expected. For this return is presented, not as a panacea but a kind of tourniquet which will at least prevent bleeding to death.

The passing of the old-time panacea novel is perhaps made more striking by the contrast of the old-timer with the one notable panacea novel of recent months, Charles Morgan's *The Fountain*. For what this book offers is a philosophy of defeatism and of retreat, that essentially Eastern idea of withdrawal, of passivity in place of activity, called "the contemplative life." And it is a rather startling illustration of the temper of the time that this novel should have been among the most successful of 1932 publications. It suggests a remedy of sorts, and in these days of disillusionment and bitterness and disgust, when the joy of living seems a phrase ironic or utterly meaningless, there are many to whom, it would appear, any remedy is welcome, even one which implies a relinquishment of the more virile, more positive Anglo-Saxon ideal.

THERE are, of course, two ways in which this all but complete disappearance of the panacea novel may be regarded. It can be looked upon as marking the extinction of hopefulness. Social and personal miseries are set forth, with no

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insistent, "Do this, and all such wretchedness will end," without even any challenging, "This is so; now what are we going to do about it?" Often the implied suggestion is that none of us can do anything, and there's no use in trying. Things are as they are, and hope of cure no more than the veriest chimera. The modern novel may thus be considered as preaching, sometimes avowedly, often tacitly, a gospel of futility and despair. We are disillusioned; and courage and faith and hope and loyalty are dead within us, for all these are illusions.

But there is another way of regarding the passing of the old belief that all ills, or even some specified ones, can be cured by the quick and painless process of applying a particular balm. Some of the proposed balms we have in fact already applied, and been taught by results that though they may help an especial ailment, they often provoke others while healing the one. Educating women, for instance, giving them the suffrage and training them to earn their own livings, has not proved a cure for all the problems of marriage, as many once expected that it would. Doing away with some difficulties, it has developed others. That the more intelligent have lost faith in panaceas can therefore be regarded as, in part, the result of experience.

In part as the result of experience, and more as a symptom of approaching maturity. For while we have, no doubt, lost much of our pleasant though unreasoning hopefulness, starting gaily forth in confident expectation of finding a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is in the main an indication and a prerogative of extreme youth. With maturity approaching, we cease to believe in fairy gold, learn to analyze and weigh the probabilities of acquiring any gold at all, to look forward more clearly, to accept facts as they are and life as it is, uncovered by those softening veils of illusion which our immaturity once spread over them, realizing that improvements, if they come at all, must come by degrees and very slowly, since the course of evolution is seldom swift and miraculous cures, if plentiful in legend, are painfully rare in fact.

Unwarranted expectations, like the sentimental evasions so often accompanying them, are indicative either of deficiency in mental development, or of intellectual cowardice. So it may well be that in the almost total disappearance of the panacea novel we should see a symbol, not of despair, but of a new kind of courage, the kind of which we shall perhaps have most need as we slowly and sometimes rather reluctantly begin to grow up.

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A Bomb Goes Off

By Max Wylie

An Occurrence in India

Outside the rain was falling, the winter rain of North India. It was a dismal sound, not like rain at all but like the steady swish of grain going down a chute into a cargo boat. Wrapped in a heavy overcoat, I sat close against the chimney piece and watched the weak flames in the grate as they blackened the *kikar* sticks without burning them. It was intensely cold in the room and I got up from time to time to move about, to climb up and down on benumbed feet, and to flail my arms vigorously about my body. Abdul came in silently — he had kicked off his shoes at the doorway — and asked me if I were ready for my tea. I looked up at him obliquely and smiled to myself. He was wearing a cast-off overcoat I had given to him the year before. It was many sizes too large for the Mohammedan and dangled down from his spare shoulders like a ragged blanket.

"Yes, bring the tea, Abdul. Bring enough for two. Durga Das will be in soon."

"Very good, sahib." He touched his forehead with his finger ends, his hands concealed within the long tubes of his coat sleeves. After he had gone, I poked at the miserable patch of fire and resumed my seat.

Presently I heard the loose shuffling of Indian sandals on my verandah and a moment later Durga Das Sharma stepped into the room. He was a fine looking Hindu of about twenty-two, very sharp of feature, clear-skinned, reserved yet watchful of expression. He was the best friend I had ever made among the Indians. He smiled quietly, threw off his blanket and stood facing me with his back to the fire.

"You are ready to come?" he asked, wiping rain from his face.

"Too early," I answered. "Anything connected with universities is apt to be late, commencements especially. We might as well have a little tea before we start."

"Very good." He sank down to his haunches and thrust his arms out before him, resting his elbows on his knees. "I hope you are wearing your gown?"

"I don't think so," I answered. "I'm not in the procession and there's not much sense —"

"By all means, you must wear it," he cut in, lifting his left hand quickly to explain his point. "Indians measure wisdom by the length

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of a scholar's beard, the number of his degrees, or if he is young like *your*self —"

"By the gawdy colors in his graduation hood," I offered. Durga Das nodded, his eyes bright with agreement.

"Exactly so, sir."

Abdul came in with the tea tray and set it down on the centre table. He salaamed to Durga Das who looked up and tossed the servant a pleasantry in the vernacular. Abdul was pleased, despite his hatred for the Hindu as a class. He poured out two cups and brought them to us at the fire. Then he went back and stood behind the table, watching us with patient solicitude. Durga Das sipped carefully and said nothing for a few moments. Finally he began to smile. I thought I knew what was on his mind.

"Yes," I admitted, "I've been warned again."

"You don't enjoy being threatened, perhaps?"

"I don't mind being threatened," I answered, setting down my cup, "but it might be annoying to be shot."

"It is nothing, I assure you. It will come to nothing. Indian students —" he shrugged at his own summary — "inflammatory but not effective."

The remarks related to a brief and bitter episode of the week before. A political prisoner had been executed for the murder of a British police officer. My sympathies were pro-Indian for the most part but, this particular murder had rankled me so deeply that I had forbidden any of my students, under penalty of a heavy fine, attending the anti-British demonstrations which followed the culprit's funeral. A wave of mob hysteria had invaded the city at the time, and students from all of the colleges, including the one with which I was affiliated, had cut their classes for two days running in order to participate in the demonstrations. I had fined the students as I had promised and they had retaliated by warning me to leave the country if I placed any special value on my life.

"I can't get very excited about it," I said. "The English get them by the bucket, and nothing much seems to happen to them."

"It is nothing," Durga Das repeated, rising to his feet. "I think it is really time to go now. It will be crowded."

I got up also, slipped out of my overcoat, and sent Abdul for the gown. He came back in a moment, held it up, and placed it carefully over me. While I hooked it down the front, he slipped the flamboyant hood over my head and adjusted its satin folds over my shoulders. He was very much impressed with the regalia, and whenever I was obliged to appear at university functions in the bright shroud of my obscure office, he begged to accompany me — at the proper distance, of course — and spent the two or three hours proudly pointing me out to other servants gathered at the doorways. I told him he might go along but that he would first have to go out in the rain and get us a *tonga*. His little head bobbed up and down with gratitude and he dashed out of the room and ran across the muddy compound in his bare feet. In a moment he was back to say that there was a *tonga* at the door.

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Durgas Das and I went outside and climbed into the back seat. Abdul got up in front with the driver. I could tell that I was already the object of my servant's pride for the driver, after clucking at his skinny horse, turned half around and looked at me with interest. We bumped along over the wet road, finally pulling up in front of the hall where the annual convocation of the university was to take place.

"SOMETHING is going to happen today," Durga Das said. I looked at him curiously but his face remained expressionless.

"In that case we won't miss it anyhow," I answered. We got down and I paid the driver his ten annas. I sent Abdul to the doorway of the hall to find out if there were any seats left. Durga Das and I walked up to the wide verandah. Abdul met us to say that the main floor was crowded but that there were seats in the gallery boxes. We went up the stairs and found a box with four empty seats in its second row. The first row was occupied by young Englishmen, professors from various colleges throughout the city. I knew all of them. They said hello and waved me to a seat behind them. Then they saw that I was accompanied by an Indian and they turned suddenly away and paid no more attention to us. Durga Das and I sat down. Abdul lingered behind, looking down at the crowd from the doorway.

The commencement exercises were a tremendous bore. The graduates of thirty-nine colleges came forth to the dais, one delegation after another, and received their diplomas from the hands of the Provincial Governor, the official provost of the university. He was a tall and dignified Englishman of about fifty-five, magnificently uniformed and bemedaled. He passed out the diplomas with the imperturbable patience of an hour-glass running its sands out. It took about an hour and a half. The audience made a great deal of noise, whispering, chattering, laughing and applauding. Durga Das and I chatted back and forth, exchanging views upon the types represented by the different colleges. After the diplomas were distributed, the prizes and scholarships were awarded, class poems were read, long and dismal speeches were made. Finally it was over. The military band played the first bars of *God Save the King*, then broke into a brassy recessional. The Governor stepped down from the dais, followed by his aide and a dozen dignitaries of the university. The audience rose, the English professors in front of us standing particularly erect. I stifled a yawn and rose with the rest, thankful that the ceremony was over for another year.

Suddenly there was a pistol shot, a brittle and terrifying sound. The band stopped playing. Durga Das clutched at my arm. Women in the audience beneath began to scream. I looked over the railing. The Governor fell in the aisle, got up again and ran forward in a crouching position, his arms protecting his head. A young Indian standing at the edge of the aisle behind the long lines of police escort quietly emptied his revolver at the fleeing Governor. Not one of the police moved to interfere. They were paralyzed with horror. They just stood there with their heels together and their guns

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at present arms. The Governor disappeared beneath the gallery, running low in the direction of the robing-room. The students stampeded over the backs of chairs, jammed through the doorways and smashed windows in their panic-stricken struggle to get out of the hall. The English professors in front of us jumped up cursing and ran out of the box. The last one, Tomlinson, whirled on Durga Das, punched him viciously in the mouth, and sent him sprawling among the chairs. Abdul saw it happen and tripped the Englishman as he raced to the head of the stairs. It made me sick, for the stairs were steep. I grabbed Durga Das by the arm and pulled him to his feet.

"Let's get out!" I shouted above the clamor. "Around the gallery and down the other side." We ran hard, Abdul clinging to the flying folds of my gown so he wouldn't lose us.

In thirty seconds we were in the rear compound of the hall. I turned to Abdul. I didn't know quite what to say to him. I didn't see how Tomlinson could have escaped death, plunging headlong down such a perilous staircase.

"Listen, Abdul, go back to my rooms and stay there. If anybody comes, tell them you've been there all day. I'll be back later. You can be getting my supper." He listened carefully, his face working with worry and attention. When I had finished, he salaamed and disappeared behind a clump of drenched rosebushes. Durga Das and I walked across the grass and climbed over the wall at the end of the compound. We emerged upon a street that led up to the bazaars.

The rain was still coming down steadily. We walked rapidly up the sticky bazaar streets for two blocks and stopped in at Sohan Lal's shop for something to eat. I pulled off my gown and rolled the ruined garment into a ball, placing it on the cross-bars beneath the table. An unkempt Hindu waiter came over and I ordered a pot of tea. Durga Das ate a *chapati* and a bowl of curds. We sat there for an hour, talking over the excitement in the hall and speculating on its effect in the colleges and in the province generally.

"What happened to the Governor, Durga?"

"If His Excellency is alive, he is fortunate to be so," the Hindu replied without hesitation. "What do you think?"

"I think you're mistaken. You had the right hunch before, but I think you'll find that it's some of you Indians who were killed." I drank from my cup and looked at him. His lip was badly swollen. "How does your mouth feel?" He put a hand to the injured spot.

"It's nothing. Perhaps it is worth the satisfaction it gave to Professor Tomlinson." I said nothing. Durga Das smiled at his own twist.

Neither of us noticed that darkness had settled until Sohan Lal lit a gas flare in the rear of his shop. The dim yellow glow of the mantle flickered over my companion's face, intensifying its pallor. He looked at once weary and capable of an eternal weariness. He turned to the sound of loud voices at the street side of the shop. Three or four students had dropped in, and seeing us seated in the corner, hurried over and began to talk so fast that neither of us

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could understand what they were trying to say. I singled out one of them, a wild-eyed Bengali who had been in one of my classes two years before, and pulling him by the sleeve, asked directly into his ear:

"Did they kill the Governor?"

"No, dash it!" he said, and the group launched into another boisterous discussion. We got the report piecemeal as their voices gradually subsided. The Governor had been shot in the thigh and in the shoulder, neither wound being at all serious. One of the other shots had pierced the neck of an Indian policeman and killed him instantly. Another had struck an English lady doctor in the abdomen. She was in the hospital. Scores had been trampled, among them an English professor.

"Who was it?" I asked quickly.

"I didn't hear," the Bengali answered. "Some say Harris, some say Tomlinson. His neck was broken, they say, whoever it was. It should have been the whole bloody race!"

That's the way it always went, I thought. Indians somehow never got their man. I wasn't thinking of Abdul's tripping the Englishman, but of the way Indians went about their revolution. They rarely got their man, not even when they waited till they had their victim in a corner. And how glorious they thought the whole thing! It angered me, their cheap bravado, their false courage, their cowardly creeping upon a man to kill him. There was a large element of the Indians that would do it. Some of them were doing it all the time. And for some reason it angered me all the more because they always bungled their assassinations. They never succeeded in making that grand gesture of heroic martyrdom that was the only true motive at the bottom of their wretched attempts. They succeeded only in making fools out of themselves, fools because as often as not they went to the gallows for the murder of men they hadn't aimed at, their own compatriots half the time. I was thinking these things but I finished by saying them. Vatsayayana, the fiery young Bengali, turned on me furiously.

"*You* are against us then?" he barked.

"I'm against a show like today," I said shortly. "So is Durga Das. So is any Indian who is capable of thinking. If you want a revolution, why don't you have a revolution, instead of an afternoon of miserable, meaningless pot-shots? Anybody would think you all belonged to a sewing-bee."

The Bengali grew gray in the face and spluttered with impotent rage before he could find his voice.

"You traitor!" he squealed in a high falsetto, "An American that pretends to love liberty but sides with the bloody British —" I jumped up and clapped my hand over his mouth. Indians were twisting around in their chairs and peering in from the streets.

"Shut up, you fool!" I said evenly. "If you want to talk, come down to my house —"

"Yes, do shut up by all means," said Durga Das, cutting in. His eyes never changed their expression, and so looking at him steadily he cursed the Bengali in his own rich vernacular through many disgraceful reincarnations. Vatsayayana lurched back in his chair and glowered at us

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with blazing eyes. Then with a great effort, he composed himself and got to his feet. He drummed nervously with his nails on the metal top of the table and smiled out of the corner of his mouth.

"All the same, Professor sahib," he said with mock respect, "even an American might get pricked one day at our sewing-bees." I said nothing. The Bengali turned and went out, his friends following after. Durga Das watched till they had gone, then turned to me.

"He's a bad actor, this Vatsay-ayana," he remarked. "I wonder if it is he who's been sending you —"

"What of it?" I shrugged. "The genus is common enough." We left Sohan Lal's soon after and stood chatting under the awning at the street, with the rain from the lead pipe thumping on the canvas. Then we shook hands and the Hindu went up the bazaars and out of sight in the rain. I climbed into a *tonga* and rode home.

IN THE rooms once more I switched on the lights and tossed my gown to the sofa. Abdul was sleeping on the floor before the fire. I prodded him with my foot and told him to bring me something to eat. He jumped up and smiled sleepily.

"This is you — this is ev'thing good, sahib? *Tik?*" he asked in his awkward English.

"Sure, everything is all right, I guess. Just get me a little supper." He salaamed and went out the back door. I walked into the bathroom to wash. Presently I heard Abdul return, and with a friendly tinkle of china, set the dishes down on the table. I came back into the room, sat down at the table, and ate my supper, while Abdul stood behind my chair, coming forward from time to time to pass me a dish. I decided not to say anything about the Tomlinson episode, and finished the meal without speaking.

Abdul cleared away the dishes. I went over to the sofa, picked up the gown, and went into the dressing room to hang the saturated garment on a hook. I could hear Abdul moving about in the living room.

"Abdul, be sure to get me up by seven tomorrow," I called. But Abdul never answered me. Instead there came a terrific detonation and a heavy, painful pounding against my eardrums. I was hurled violently against the wardrobe and my face crashed against the upper shelf of it. I dropped the gown, clutched at the shelf to keep from falling down, then reeled back to the wall behind. The light above me was swaying back and forth and I wondered in a second of dizzy abstraction why the bulb hadn't been shattered by the shock. I turned from the wall and ran to the doorway of the living room. All of the lights were out. The hot, acrid sting of powder smoke rose to my nostrils and my eyes began to water.

"Abdul!" I shouted. But there was no sound. I stepped quickly into the room. The cold air from outside was coming in steadily. All of the windows had been blown out, and the smoke was sifting its way up in puffy gray smudges. Embers of the fire were scattered over the rug. I kicked them back to the grate.

"Abdul!" I shouted again, but the Mohammedan didn't answer me. Dazed and half-frenzied I looked around for him. I could see dimly by

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the light that came in from the dressing room, but I couldn't see Abdul anywhere. The centre table with all its dishes had completely disappeared. My desk had fallen over on its back. The sofa was a torn tumble of springs, shreds and stuffing. Then I saw a slight motion in the corner. I ran over and knelt down. It was Abdul flung in a heap against the wall. He lay propped half upright against it and his legs moved back and forth as if he were trying to run. I peered into his face. His eyes were upon me, eyes full of terror, pain and supplication. I raised him to a sitting position and slipped him out of his overcoat. Both of his hands were blown off at the wrists. His shirt was torn wide open and soaked with blood. I looked at his chest and recoiled with a shudder. It was impossible that the man could be living. As I knelt there trembling and looking helplessly at him, his eyes closed and his head fell to one side.

Grand Manan

By Le Baron Cooke

We threw rose petals
From the cliffs
Of Grand Manan,
And watched them swirl,
In eddies of brightness,
Far down
To the Fundy tide,
Then ride away
On ripples of silver.

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The Witch-Woman

By W. A. Breyfogle

A Story

They had come up through the broad Hungarian plains where the shepherds turned to stare as they went by, and through the pleasant cities of Austria where no one paid any attention to them, and past Salzburg and out of Austria, into Germany. In another week they would be in Munich, in time for the *Oktoberfest*. It is then, when strong beer has made all men kindly and generous, that the gypsies reap a rich harvest, their music finding favor with their audiences. A long road to come, but the road was their home. They were accustomed to travel. And in any case, they were nearly there now. From where they stood the roofs of a village showed golden in the sunlight of late afternoon. Big Josef pointed to them. "Mittenwald," he said. "We stop there for the night."

No one in the little band answered him. He was the chieftain, with whom decisions rested. Besides, he was in an ugly temper and silence was the part of the wise man. Carlos hunched his violin-case higher on his weary old shoulder; Franz communed with the gaudy porcelain bowl of the big pipe he was smoking; Pettul sat in silence on a bank of dry grass. One rests when one may. The women had put down their cloth-wrapped bundles and sat now beside them. Only the girl Marla was still standing. Franz managed to catch her eye and smiled at her. That was all.

None of them resented their leader's bad temper particularly. It was the privilege of all in places of authority, chieftains, burgomasters, God. If one were going to rebel at it one would be in rebellion all the time. Marla shared this opinion with the rest, if, indeed, she gave the matter any thought at all. Other things engaged her attention just then. She leaned against a huge wayside boulder and let her glances wander down the road that would bring them to the village. What wind there was blew her dark hair across her eyes, and she put it aside with a slim, tawny hand. The silver circles in her ears glinted in the sun like gold. The silken kerchief she had bound over the top of her head that morning had slipped down now and lay on her shoulders, disregarded. It was the one touch of color about her costume. In all other respects she was dressed against the dust and bright sunshine or driving rain of the

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open road. The beauty about her was a matter of her firm young body, her natural grace and her impassive, regular features.

"Let us go!" big Josef grunted. He strode ahead, leaving the others to catch up with him. Marla, with Franz, was close behind, but he did not turn to speak with them. It was noticeable that, when he was angry, which was not seldom, the worst of Josef's black mood was always reserved for Marla, his dead brother's daughter, as if he had resented her living on when his brother, whom he loved, was dead. It was hard to understand. Sometimes he wished she were in another band, not always there to remind him of her father.

Well, things would be better when they came to Munich, where there were lights and crowds and merriment. In the village there was never a penny to be picked up. The peasants were too careful of their thalers for that. He turned to the rest of the band and issued his orders. "We will make our camp on this side of the village," he told them, briefly. "It is a poor place, nothing for us. But I shall go in myself," he went on arrogantly. "Franz, I leave you to look after Carlos. If he gets away from the camp, he will be helpless. The women, of course, will stay with you."

Carlos, who was from Valencia, spoke only Spanish and Romany. He did not understand a word of German.

The church and houses of Mittenwald were close at hand now. To one side they could hear the roaring of the Leutaschklamm where the pent waters of the mountain stream hurl themselves down into the mist and whirl and thunder of the deep, narrow gorge. But elsewhere all was peaceful about them. The houses of the villagers stood foursquare and secure, built against the winter storms and the sudden winds from the mountains. The broad, uneven shingles of their roofs were held down by big stones; sometimes a householder had adorned one of his white walls with a Virgin painted in bright colors. Their doors were elaborately carven, for they of Mittenwald are skilful with the chisel. From father to son they are wood-carvers and violin-makers, and as craftsmen there are few to equal them. They could hear the bells of the cows as they were brought down from the higher pastures, the intermittent barking of a dog not far away. In a meadow by the side of the rapid stream they pitched their camp.

That was the women's task, and none of the men offered to help. They sprawled at ease on the dry autumn grass while the shabby tents were set up. Marla arranged stones and built a fire of sticks between them. Big Josef had strolled away to the path that led down from the pastures. When a man appeared driving the cows home, the gypsy nodded to him and gave him a civil "*Grüss' Gott!*"

"*Grüss' di' Gott!*" the man replied, staring. He wore the short leather trousers of the Bavarian peasant, and his knife was in its place at his right thigh. The short sleeves showed his brown and powerful forearms; his shirt was open on his deep chest. But Josef saw that, for all his stature, he was hardly more than a boy. If he had met the fellow on the road he would have

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ignored him, but now there was something he wanted and he minded his manners.

"We have just come to your beautiful village," he began. "We are camped yonder, so as to disturb no one." He pointed at the low tents. "There are women with us — I wondered if you could let us have some of the milk from these fine cows."

Anton Furler continued to stare, but he answered politely, "I think so, as soon as they have been milked. It is good to be generous to those in need," he added parenthetically. "I will bring the milk in half an hour and perhaps some of the trout I caught this morning as well. Will that do?"

"It is very kind of you," Josef said, elated at his own success. The fellow must be a complete fool. It is good to be generous to those in need! Pettul would appreciate that. "But I could come for the milk and the trout," he offered humbly. "It's a long way, and you are perhaps tired."

"I'm never tired," the young man said with pride. "I'll be glad to bring them." He flushed a little. It seemed like disloyalty to Mittenwald to admit, even to himself, that he was hungry for the sight of a new face, for novelty of any sort. He waved and turned away. "In half an hour!" he cried.

When he brought them such gifts, they could hardly order him away. He sat just inside the circle of the firelight, watching them with a frank curiosity, answering their questions but putting none of his own. In particular he watched Marla moving about in the flickering, ruddy light and Josef, following his glances, chuckled to himself. When their supper was over Josef got up to go into the village and Anton Furler, with obvious reluctance, arose to accompany him. The leader seemed surprised. "Why not stay here?" he suggested. "You'll find them glad to have you and, as for me, I'm only going to talk to some of your old men. I'm sure you wouldn't enjoy that. Stay, and tell them what it's like in Mittenwald." He pressed Anton gently back into his place and disappeared into the darkness.

One by one, old Carlos first, the gypsies crept into the tents and fell asleep. Pettul's snores and Franz's deep breathing could be heard by the fire which Anton was tending for Marla. The girl was not at all sleepy, she protested. She was younger than the others, he must see. Did she look tired? Anton found the veiled sibilance of her pronunciation enchanting. There were no girls in the village at all like her. He tried to tell her so. But a surprising change came over Marla's face as he spoke. Those village girls, they would still be buxom housewives when the roads and the rough weather had made of her a withered old crone, like her aunt, or like Pettul's wife. Sad to think for how few years any young man, let alone this handsome boy, would find occasion to tell her she was beautiful. Sad to think of returning, on the morrow, to her uncle's unpredictable moods, to the long, weary day on the roads and the hard earth for a bed at night. The deep peace of a night of stars bent over Mittenwald, and she looked up to find Anton's eyes fixed upon her and surprisingly near her own. "You

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have been very kind to us," she murmured, even while her heart was fluttering, "and I shall never forget. My uncle, he thinks only of what he can get for himself, but I shall remember you, and not only for the milk and fish you gave us."

Then it was natural that she should find herself in his arms, and his lips pressed to her own.

And on the whole Big Josef was not sorry to have her stay there in the village. He frowned at her air of defiance when she told him, but Anton Furler was close behind her and behind Anton were seven sturdy peasants, friends of his. Besides, Marla was of little use. She could play no instrument and she sang badly, to say nothing of reminding him of his brother. Let her stay! He even, at the instance of Pettul and Franz, gave her a handful of golden coins for a wedding-portion, although Anton Furler had asked for nothing. And then it was the road that led to Munich for the rest of them, and for Marla it was the rest of her life in a house in Mittenwald.

ANTON FURLER was a peasant-farmer and a hunter. That made it easier for her than if he had been a home-keeping craftsman, like so many in the village. It gave her the long days to accustom herself to four friendly walls around her and a roof above, while her husband was out in the fields or on the hills. She put away her silken kerchief and tried, without notable success, to dress like the other women in Mittenwald. Her earrings she still wore, but only because Anton liked to see them. She went to hear old Father Otto sing Mass in the church on Sundays; she busied herself with cooking savory dishes against her hungry lord's return from the open air. "*Kinder, Kirchie und Küche!*" For church and kitchen she could answer, and perhaps the child would come, to fill out her woman's life.

He was born on a night late in June when the warm rain pattered on the roof like a benediction. The midwife put him in the crook of Marla's arm. "A fine boy!" she said, and Anton kissed his wife and, very gently, his son, and went off to treat his friends to all the wine they could drink. They called the child Paul, and the gypsy-girl lay in the great bed, pale and happy. No one could say now that she was not a good wife, that she had not forgotten the old ways, but was still a gypsy at heart. The little Paul was her living refutation, and she loved him for more than his own sake.

And in fact, every one was very kind to her. The women spoke to her as to one of themselves when they met at church or on the bank of the stream to wash the clothes on summer mornings. Father Otto came to pay his pastoral call and gave mother and child his blessing before he left. She went with the others to weddings and funerals and to help when there was sickness or where a child was born. She had a name for skill with herbs. Anton never regretted his romantic marriage. He sat at his door-step on warm evenings, dandling his child on his knee, and the smile his wife gave them both had in it nothing of the wandering life, the strange wisdom and the secret tents of her tribe.

But the good days came to an end. That year the autumn was

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warm and long, lulling them into a false security. Windless, golden days succeeded one another, as if a charm had been laid on all rough weather, and winter were never to come again. In the fields the work was all done for the year, and Anton had nothing to occupy him but the hunting he loved. The great bulk of the Karwendelberg hung over the houses of the village, its steep peak dim in the autumn haze. Late in October, and still the only fires they built were for cooking and their doors were open the whole day long. Marla set the child's cradle there to let the sunlight and such air as was stirring get at the crowing baby. There was nothing evil abroad to hurt him, even at his tender age.

Anton stooped over the cradle on his way out, to dig his son gently in the ribs. "I may be late," he told his wife over his shoulder. "I want to get a deer today, if I can, and they are feeding high up in this weather. Don't worry if I'm not home by dark."

"There will be a good moon," Marla answered. "I'll have supper ready for you when you come back." She came to kiss him, for they were still lovers. "I almost envy you, up in the high hills on a day like this, but we'll be waiting here for you, and hoping you have had good luck."

"Next year I'll take you both with me," Anton promised. "He will be big enough by then."

"It is true, he is growing like a giant's child."

TOWARD noon, with the fickleness of weather in the mountains, clouds began to drift across the sky, harried forward by a sudden wind from the northeast. They lost the sun from sight and the vast shoulders of the Karwendelberg grew vague and indistinct in a cold mist that drove down upon the village. They closed the doors, casting uneasy glances at the lowering sky. Boys hurried out to the pastures, to bring home the lowing, restless cattle. They made what haste they could, but before they were back in the village the snow was falling, swirling in great flakes about the corners of every house and piling in tiny, fantastic drifts on the sills of the windows. Men who were out of doors hurried home, shivering, to brush the sudden snow from their clothes. It was hard to remember that the morning had been sunny.

There was nothing any of them could do. In the big room at the Inn friends of Anton Furler's who knew he was out in the hills shook their heads gravely over their wine. It would be madness to go after him. He was the best hunter and the best cragsman in all Mittenwald. If Anton could not find his way home, no one else could find it for him. They sat there the whole afternoon, growing more and more grave. Old Father Otto went off to comfort Marla, but the storm was still raging outside and his words sounded hollow to himself, even. At midnight Anton had not returned.

That storm brought in the winter upon the village, but slowly the weather improved until they could venture out. At a bend of the stream, a mile from where it bursts forth from the echoing gorge of the Leutaschklamm, they found what they knew must be Anton's body. "In that storm he could not have heard

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the roaring in the gorge," said Heinrich the smith. "He must have fallen in." They looked down in silence at the body, held fast in thin ice along the shore. It was fearfully battered, but violent death was not uncommon in their hills and their faces showed no horror, only sorrow and a sort of bewilderment. They took Anton home to his wife, and, after two days, he was lying in the little churchyard, among his peers.

Because she was a gypsy, Marla kept her grief to herself, and if she wept it was when she was alone. Father Otto praised her for that, but Mittenwald wondered. In the enforced seclusion of winter, gossip is always current, busy with magnifying all that comes to its many ears. It was Gretl, the smith's wife, who spoke out first. She stirred her steaming teacup and gave it as her opinion that Marla's conduct was unnatural. "With her poor husband not two months dead," she summed up, and then, no one knows what put it in her foolish head to add, "Of course, she's a gypsy."

A stir went through the little circle of women. Wilhelmine Krafft wriggled uneasily on her chair. She had not been married very long; she was not used to gossip. But Christina Braunberg, Father Otto's housekeeper, paid deference to her hostess's opinion. "I hadn't thought of it that way before," she admitted, "but there is a great deal in what you say. We can hardly expect her to act like one of ourselves."

A tacit hostility to the absent Marla made itself felt in the room. Wilhelmine Krafft was the only one to speak a good word. "She must have loved him," said poor Wilhelmine. "They have a child."

How ignorant the girl was! They fell to instructing her, and she retracted her heresy in confusion. Of course, she should have known that for the begetting of children love is superfluous. Outside the early evening began to draw in, hiding her blushes. Christina Braunberg, a spinster of canonical years, looked over her shoulder at the darkening square of the window. She shivered a little and drew nearer the fire. "They say gypsies are often witches," she offered in a low voice.

The women looked at one another. Heinrich's wife nodded her head after a little. "When we were washing side by side, she always got her clothes whiter than I could get mine." "It was wonderful how her garden grew," said another, and still another, who had children of her own, spoke venomously, "Her boy has more good looks than his share. He doesn't take after his father." But it was reserved for Wilhelmine Krafft to loose the most telling shaft. "No," she agreed, "he is very like his mother. And she is still young, no doubt she will marry again." That settled it.

BECAUSE he had been their priest for forty years, Father Otto heard the whisperings before they were many weeks old. He gave the shrinking Christina an unexpurgated piece of his mind, mentioning hellfire as a possibility not wholly remote from those who speak ill of their neighbors. For a time the rumors hid their heads. But it was not in nature that those rebuked gossips, for Christina was at pains to share her scold-

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ing, should feel the more kindly toward Anton Furler's young widow. Especially since she prospered so well, even without a husband. Her hens were laying when there was hardly an egg to be had elsewhere in Mittenwald. There were no deep drifts about her house and the windows were always warm and bright. Those who went by heard her singing inside and had no way of knowing that it was for the gurgling child in his cradle near the hearth. It was a gypsy song, not such as they sang to their own children. How was it that she, without a husband, fared apparently so much better than the other women of the village? Hunger was never very far from the rest of them during the winter months. "I think she does not need a husband," said the smith's wife, and her friend repeated the remark, "Possibly she was not sorry to see Anton out of the way," and then it was, "She may have had something to do with his death." In a week they were sure of it.

"Mother of God," prayed old Father Otto, "Thy Son is murdered again by the tongues of little men and mean, and the Kingdom is yet to come. Do Thou instruct their ignorance and purge away their envy, Mary, full of grace! As for the cure of souls in this village, it is my charge and the shame of these children is my shame. But I am an old man and I am very weary. Send Thou Thy angels to them in their sleep, Mary ever-virgin!" He got up heavily from kneeling on his stiff old knees. It was bitterly cold in the little church. The dim January daylight streamed through the windows, but there was no spirit in it to quicken the painted glass into life, and the altar was dull and tawdry. It might be that God and His great saints were weary of men, as one wearies of watching a buffoon after a time. There was nothing but the brave flame of the candles to show that faith and hope were not wholly dead.

That was such a winter as no one could remember in Mittenwald. A dead cold numbed the air outside their doors and they shivered, even by the stoves. Fodder for the cattle ran short when April came and they had to kill some of the great-eyed, starving beasts. Marla, who had been careful to buy hay in the autumn, brought her cow and her two goats safely through the winter, and there was always milk for little Paul. But she was as glad as the others when spring came, late, but with a rush. In that wakening of the years she missed Anton sorely, but it was something that there was warmth in the sunshine again, that the snow was gone from all but the sheltered corners and a green was beginning to return to the grass. It was good that the winter was over. If only the nights were not so lonely and so long!

But one forgets such sorrows, one has to. There was the child to play with, and in the afternoons now she could take him in her arms and go walking through the winding streets of the village. It was a long time since she had had speech with any of her neighbors, she thought. She was sorry to see so many of them thin and pale, as if the winter had told upon them heavily. They hurried past her, too, with no more than a perfunctory greeting. They must have had a great deal to do.

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Spring was short and hot, and not even the near-by mountains could deliver them from the merciless, sudden heat of the summer. In June no rain fell, and the streams dried and shrank. The crops withered before ever they came to growth. An unaccustomed dust blew about the streets on the hot wind and settled in every crevice. A cow that belonged to the smith died in the pasture, its gaunt ribs sardonic against the withered, scanty grass. Marla — she had carried water from the shrunken stream to her kitchen-garden until her whole body was one ache — sat with little Paul in her lap, crooning him a song, some thoughtless doggerel she remembered from her own childhood:

We have a charm to sway the weather;
We shall not hunger, you and I!

A scuffling sound outside the window made her glance up. Christina Braunberg was just passing by. Father Otto's house-keeper had lost some of her comfortable flesh lately.

THEN the plague came. Wilhelmine Krafft's tiny, new-born baby was the first to die. Its pink skin turned black in spots, it choked a little and then it was dead. The distracted girl hung over the tiny body, repeating its name and shaking it quite fiercely until they had to take her away. In two days she was dead herself. Marla came to be of what service she could while Wilhelmine was still alive, and something stirred in the dying girl's brain at the sight of her. "It's her doing," she muttered weakly. "She's a gypsy; you couldn't expect her to be like one of ourselves." Then she died.

That, Marla thought, was because her mind had wandered. She didn't know what she was saying. The gypsy-girl went home and washed her whole body carefully in water as hot as she could stand. Only after that did she approach little Paul. He, at least, was still healthy, even with so many children sick and dying in Mittenwald. The plague struck at the very young and the very old. Dizzy and nauseated one morning, Father Otto was dead by night-fall, and the women gathered in the smith's house found no tears for him. "It is only just," they declared. "He always took her part."

In the streets there was utter silence. A new priest came to bury Father Otto and stayed to bury many of the old man's parishioners. Hardly a house but had its cross of straw in front of the door-step, hardly a mother but had a child to mourn, or an old father. There was no merry-making that summer. They went about with fear on their faces. It was manifest that, even after such a winter and such a summer, God was still angry with them. There must be an uncleanness in their midst.

Heinrich the smith was a man every one knew. The children of the village played about his smutty forge unrebuked; their elders came there in the winter to talk. There was something forthright and honest about Heinrich. His heart was as warm as his forge-fire and his friendships were as strong as his arms. It was not his fault that his wife was a shrew. They liked him none the less for that, knowing how easily a young man is deceived in a girl he thinks to marry. Heinrich himself paid scant attention to his wife. His whole in-

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terest was bound up in his son, a shock-headed, big-boned boy, much like his father in appearance. And when young Fritz fell ill, it was as if the sun had gone out of the sky.

They hung a golden cross about his neck on a heavy golden chain. They got the new priest to say masses for him, and Marla came with her pots of dried herbs. Every one gave place to the gypsy. They fell back into a muttering circle about the stove while she concocted her soothing brews. There was a sharp intake of breath when she was heard to mutter words of Romany above it, although, if they had but known, she was only trying to remember the exact proportions of her recipe, to get it perfect. The child drank listlessly, and when she took her hand from behind his head, he fell back upon the hot pillows. Blotches of a purple-black were already coming on his cheeks. "It is too late," Marla said sorrowfully. There was no other word spoken. They let her pass in silence toward her home.

There was no great variety of food but they need not go hungry. She made ready the simple meal for little Paul and herself, a thin cake of rye-bread baked over a fire of sticks, and a big bowl of goat's milk. Then she put the child to bed, lingering over his perfect little arms and legs, his dear, drowsy face. It was a hardship to lay him in his cradle. And how heavy he was growing! Her arms ached with his weight. Anton would have rejoiced in their son, but Anton was very far away now. She had to face the rest of her life alone.

On the hearth the sticks of beech had burned down to coals. Waves of heat ran over them. Marla raked them together and crouched, gypsy-fashion, in their warmth. The words of an old song came to her.

> We have a charm to sway the weather;
> We shall not hunger, you and I!

It brought back the old days, the sunlight and the shabby tents, the cities of Austria and the wide Hungarian plains, the winds and the rain they never minded, and the white road stretching far away before them. Very far away, even as far as Mittenwald and Anton and little Paul, a roof over her head. She came slowly to herself. Some one was shouting outside. She got to her feet quickly, but the door was burst open before she could reach it. Heinrich the smith and, she thought, the whole village were there.

THE smith's face was flushed as if he had been drinking. But that wasn't it. "Take the gypsy-brat," he cried, and pointed at the cradle. A wave of men flung forward, hurling Marla back. "If my son has the plague," Heinrich shouted at her, "then yours shall have it, too. They shall spend the night in the same bed. Bring her along!" Two or three of his friends seized Marla. "Let her watch! If she has any charms, she can say them then!"

Ridiculously, all that concerned her was that they had left the door open, the house would get cold. The rest was negligible; it was simply a grotesque dream and would pass.

She saw, as if it had been far away and no concern of hers, that they were in a strange room. Heavy hands held her by the wrists and elbows. Other hands had thrust a child, absurdly like Paul, into a bed where another child lay already. She wanted

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to point this out to them, but something struck her across the lips and she held her peace. It was only a dream, anyway. The salty taste of blood was in her mouth, part of that same dream. Angry faces swam at her and receded again. One of them was very like her Uncle Josef's face.

All around her the faces grew pinched and gray. Far off she could see Paul sleeping as he always slept, one soft fist doubled under his rosy cheek. So it was all right. Beside him, the face of an older child was growing white from minute to minute, but Paul was asleep. That was natural. Marla could so easily have fallen asleep herself. If only they would not shout so! Didn't they know that she was tired from the long day? If they knew, they didn't care, for they kept on shouting.

"That's where she sent poor Anton to his death, take her there and the child, too! Heinrich, it's no use — Fritz is dead. There is nothing left but to kill the sorceress and her son. Then God will pardon us, He will surely pardon us!" A sea of faces stormed along beside her. They must have left the room for it was dark now and rain was falling about her. She could hear a roar that sounded like the Leutaschklamm, but she knew that was impossible. She had only stepped out for a minute with little Paul, leaving the door open. She must hurry back and close it.

The roar was very close under her feet. She heard gasping voices. "Have you got the child there? Then — one, two, three and away!" Then there was nothing but the world opening beneath her and a merciful cessation of that pinching on her arms. She felt herself falling. Over her head the sky split in a sudden, sinister splendor. Then it was all over.

But for Heinrich and his fellows it had only just begun. The lightning flickered along the peaks and nearer, at their feet. Their bravado faded. All the world leapt at them in eerie flashes and sprang back again, as if they had been found unworthy. "But surely it was right," poor Heinrich argued with himself. "She was a witch and her son was tainted, too. It is better that they should both be out of the way. And every one knows she sent her husband into the Leutaschklamm; why should she not follow, with her son? My son is dead!"

They slept that night uneasily at first, as if expecting some fearful summons, then heavily, wearied out. In the morning the air was washed clean and pure, the heat and the drought were past. Above their mountains a rainbow stood in the sky, the sign of God's forgiveness. From red-rimmed, bloodshot eyes they saw that the storm was over.

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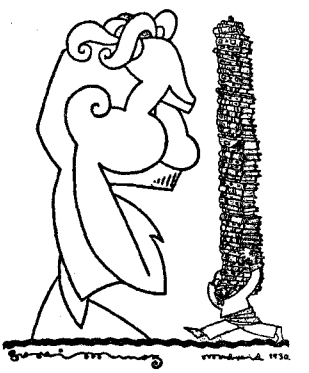
THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



PERHAPS one of the Landscaper's New Year's resolutions should be to let politics and public affairs alone, and stick strictly to books. But before swearing off, and before passing along to a consideration of the available reading matter, one or two stray thoughts demand to be made public. To a fairly unbiased student of government, the election held in November is unusually interesting for this reason: It is a striking example of an overwhelming popular mandate that represents no real expression of public opinion upon any of the myriad important questions that face this country and the rest of the world today. Of course, it may be assumed that the anti-Prohibition vote helped to elect Roosevelt, and it is certain that there has been a most extraordinary change in sentiment on the liquor question since the early part of the present year; economic pressure has apparently made serious breaches in the ranks of the Dry forces. But other than this, the total effect of the election was a violent and overwhelming protest against the depression. It is true, to be sure, that here and there in the country specific acts of the Administration had displeased the voters, but by and large, the voters went to the polls merely to say they did not like the way things had been going.

The retiring President, used to the more exact habits of the engineering profession and of the business world, must have a deep feeling of puzzlement as he looks back to 1928, when he was given a huge vote for two reasons: first, Republican prosperity, and second, Al Smith's Wetness and his Catholicism, neither of which had anything to do with Mr. Hoover's own abilities. Now he is turned out of office for reasons quite as remotely removed from reality. . . . There must be something profoundly wrong with a political system that is so wholly controlled by momentary prejudice, and in which calm judgment has no place; even if the voice of the people is the voice of God — and what a difficult bit of dogma that is to swallow these days — the voice of the people seems to be used mainly for incoherent shouting, rather than for any articulate expression of considered opinion. At any rate, the situation leaves Roosevelt with a free hand; the mandate is as vague as his promises and plans. A clean slate

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is therefore available; it is evident that President Hoover is going to help the new Administration all he can and at the same time reorganize the shattered ranks of the Republicans, thus putting the Democrats to the supreme test. For once, they hold all the cards, and as consistently interesting as these last troubled years have been, the next four promise to be even more so.

Still Plenty of Books

THERE will still be time left for books, however, and plenty of books. The records show about nine thousand new titles for 1932, about a thousand fewer than in 1931, and a real reduction which is quite likely to go farther in 1933, to the general good of all, except, perhaps, authors; as dark as are the prospects in most professions at present, authorship offers even less than the others. The chances of having a manuscript published at all have been reduced, and the chances of having a book sell after some bold publisher has gambled upon it are so small as to be hardly worth considering. Not, to be sure, that this will bring about any marked drop in the production of manuscripts, because people write for a number of reasons besides the hope of making money; trying to persuade authors that what they have written is of no importance is exactly as easy as trying to persuade a fond mother that her favorite offspring is at best no more than a normal child. In these days, the most familiar phrases in letters to publishers go something like this: Because of the Depression, I have plenty of time on my hands, and so I thought I would write a novel, or if not a novel, a play, or a book on How to Do Away with Unemployment, or How to be Happy Though Jobless. . . .

Books On Our Problems

SINCE we started on a serious note, the future of our country, let us look first at the recent books that have a direct bearing upon our problems, domestic and international. Walter Lippmann's comment on the state of affairs has been gathered together in a volume called *Interpretations* (Macmillan, $2), a collection of editorials and addresses touching upon many subjects. Allan Nevins did the editing, a good enough guarantee of its quality. Through his contributions to the New York *Herald-Tribune*, Mr. Lippmann has become the most widely influential journalist in the United States at the present time, read from coast to coast, and his writings accepted as gospel. He writes clearly, simply and directly, and very often thinks the same way, although not always, by any means. There are times when his thinking goes suddenly soft; the backbone of realism has been removed from it, and the emotional quality completely overrules the intellectual. But what he writes is invariably readable, and most of it worth reading. This collection makes a sort of history of our own times, as Mr. Lippmann touches upon all the major questions of the day. A far more solid work for the serious is G. D. H. Cole's *A Guide Through World Chaos* (Knopf, $3.75), in which an eminent English economist explains the state of world affairs since 1929, and foresees vast changes in the whole structure of capitalism if it is to survive. He is himself a

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Socialist, but his book is free from propaganda, and he writes intelligibly. It is a pity to dismiss so important a work as this with no more than a few lines, but there are many other books to be written about.

Alcohol and Man

IF THERE were any suspicion that science might play a part in determining the ultimate fate of Prohibition, the Landscaper would give a hearty recommendation to *Alcohol and Man: The Effects of Alcohol on Man In Health and Disease*, edited by Dr. Haven Emerson, and published by Macmillan at $3.50. This is more or less of a last word on a subject that has been argued about for generations, a careful scientific investigation, the results of which confirm any common-sense consideration of the question of drink. On the whole, it will give little comfort to the Prohibitionists, and it seems likely they may need a lot during the next few years. Science has evidently made some progress since the days of those marvelous charts that used to hang on the walls of schoolrooms, depicting the horrors of alcohol, and particularly its effect upon the human interior. Little wonder that a generation growing up with those charts got itself conditioned against liquor, even if later experiments seemed to prove that the charts were, to put it mildly, exaggerated. The Landscaper has often wondered how American Prohibitionists could ignore the successful use of liquor in most European countries, although their argument would be, no doubt, that they were much more concerned with its unsuccessful use in this country. At any rate, Dr. Emerson and his collaborators have done an admirably thorough book on Alcohol; it should furnish material for arguments for years to come.

The End of the World

A GROUP of engineers at Columbia University has been working for several years on a survey of American industry, and the first of their findings are just now reaching the public. They are discovering that improvements in machinery which have taken place in the past thirty years are likely in time to make a new economic system necessary, in which prices as we know them will be abolished. Their statistics are most alarming, so alarming as to exercise a morbid fascination; one's only real protection against them is that every age has had its prophets of disaster and the world has continued to stagger along without paying much attention to their warnings and lucubrations. There is a partial breakdown of the price system implicit in *The Abolition of Unemployment* by Frank D. Graham, professor of economics at Princeton (Princeton University Press, $2), an interesting small book, with a carefully worked out plan that strikes this observer as entirely impracticable. Dr. Graham would have all the unemployed put back to work producing goods that are needed; they would be paid with compensation certificates, which would have to be put into circulation at once in order to receive full value for them. It is very hard to see how this plan could work within the bounds of the existing system, and the answer is that it will not be tried even if it would

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work, but it has been carefully thought out, and many of the obvious objections answered.

A complete study of the War debt situation is as timely as the book on alcohol, already mentioned, and far more likely to be useful in settling the question, as War debts do not touch the average citizen directly enough to arouse his prejudices. *War Debts and World Prosperity*, published by the Institute of Economics of Brookings Institute, and edited by Harold G. Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky, is a compendium of all the available information, with many charts and tables, and some conclusions, the principal one of which is the world would be better off if War debts were obliterated at once and their collection would be just as injurious in the long run to the creditor nations as the debtor. In other words, this group of economists thinks we should do with good grace what we are obviously going to have to do with either good or bad before we are through with this highly important and vexing question. William Kay Wallace's *Our Obsolete Constitution* (John Day, $2) is a frontal attack upon what the author considers our outworn governmental system, a closely reasoned and convincing book that ought to be widely read, especially if it is true that any real increase in governmental efficacy and efficiency is tied up, as Mr. Wallace argues, with profound changes in the whole system.

Two Kinds of Crooks

THAT something needs to be done is the burden of Denis Tilden Lynch's exciting and dramatic *Criminals and Politicians: The History of the Rackets' Red Rule* (Macmillan, $2), which tells again the sorry tale of the alliance between the real bosses of this country and the underworld. Mr. Lynch is a first-rate political reporter, and he gives names and dates. It is not a new story, but it is a chapter in American history that needs to be brought to a close, a cause for blushes on the part of every one who cares anything about his country. New Yorkers know enough about it, and there will be no change in this respect so long as Tammany runs the show.

Two Triple-Starred Books

BEFORE passing on to more definite classifications, the Landscaper would like to take the time to give an especial recommendation to two recent books that seem to him of the widest possible interest. One of these is Volume Four of Mark Sullivan's informal history of these United States, *Our Times*, the other, Burton Rascoe's *Titans of Literature*. Mr. Sullivan's latest volume (Scribner, $3.75) covers the years between 1909 and 1914, and contains upward of two hundred and fifty delightful illustrations. It begins just before the World War got under way, and covers every conceivable variety of subject, from the kind of corsets women were wearing to the dissolution of Standard Oil, a complete and most entertaining picture of a period that seems suddenly to have receded into the far distance. It was the Ford period, the period of nickel movies, of Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries, of the Turkey Trot, of Halley's Comet, and of an America that was concerned over nearly everything in the

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world except the fact that Europe was about to set itself on fire. . . . On the whole, the Landscaper considers this volume even better than its predecessors, even more genuinely significant. It has the utter fascination of a well-kept scrapbook, and at the same time, it is history. Naturally its strongest appeal will be to those of us who were in the midst of events between 1909 and 1914, but the younger and the older ought both to find it delightful reading. It deserves a very high rating among the interesting books of the past twelvemonth.

A Large Order Filled

MR. RASCOE'S volume is an attempt to write a history of literature single-handed, and in terms of the outstanding personalities that have been behind the production of the books the world still reads. It is published by Putnam at $3.75, and is a large value for the money. Such a task as Mr. Rascoe has assumed would be enough to make most people too solemn for any use. But he wears his scholarship with a difference; he has managed to write an extraordinarily readable book about a string of writers that runs all the way from Homer to Dreiser. Many of the single essays are admirable as examples of vital and penetrating criticism, and the general average is high both from the point of view of scholarship and style, but what matters most is that the entire book is delightful to read, consistently lively, and never bromidic in the slightest degree. Mr. Rascoe has done the classics a service in writing this book, dusted them off, as it were, and allowed us to see them as something alive and appealing. His is a volume that should by no means be overlooked.

Mary Austin's Life

OF BIOGRAPHIES and autobiographies recently published there has been none so important as Mary Austin's *Earth Horizons* (Houghton Mifflin, $4), the life story of a remarkable woman who has seen much of this country, come in contact with all sorts of people, and managed to get her own valuable thinking and writing done at the same time. Her peculiar mysticism, which comes from her love of the "folk," is well set forth in this book, which rises to heights of real beauty when she writes from close to the earth. It is a book that richly deserves to be read by every intelligent American, a book that is really a part of the life of the country during the period covered by Miss Austin's lifetime.

In his *Porfirio Diaz* (Lippincott, $5), Carleton Beals has given us a valuable study of one of the most interesting figures in contemporary history, done against the full background of a long period, for Diaz ruled Mexico as an absolute monarch for twenty-five years. Mr. Beals's years of residence in Mexico and his study of the country's history show to the best possible advantage in this excellent portrait, which will not be superseded for years to come, if ever. It is, in fact, a model biography in that Mr. Beals worked from first-hand sources, and deserves as much credit for his research as for the lively manner in which he has put together all his vast store of valuable information.

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A Great Humanitarian

ANOTHER great man of our own times of an entirely different sort is depicted in Jan Sörenson's *The Saga of Fridtjof Nansen* (Norton, $4.50). Nansen was a man of heroic stature, a scientist, artist, author, explorer, statesman, and above all, humanitarian. Romain Rolland called him "the only European hero of our time" and this book offers proof of the correctness of M. Rolland's statement. His biographer has told the whole story, using ample documentation, and the book is an inspiring record of unselfish devotion to the human race. Among other outstanding recent biographies is Hilaire Belloc's *Napoleon* (Lippincott, $4), in which Mr. Belloc, who may be relied upon for new slants on his subjects, suggests that Napoleon was the Woodrow Wilson of his times. The book is divided into two sections, the first sketching Napoleon's character and achievements, the second furnishing pivotal points of his active career.

Still other books in this category that deserve attention are: *David Hume* by J. Y. T. Grieg (Oxford, $3.75), the first full-length biography of the English philosopher since 1846; *Oliver's Secretary: John Milton in an Era of Revolt*, by Dora Neill Raymond (Minton, Balch, $3.50), in which Mrs. Raymond tries to solve the riddle of the very contradictory Miltonian personality; *Blessed Spinoza* by Lewis Browne (Macmillan, $4), the first full-length biography in English of one of the master-liberators of the human spirit; and *Arthur Schnitzler* by Sol Liptzin (Prentice-Hall), the first book in English on Vienna's famous novelist and dramatist, written by a man who enjoyed his personal friendship.

A collection of biographies that is at the same time a complete exposition of a method of portraying human beings which the author brought to the pitch of perfection is Gamaliel Bradford's *Biography and the Human Heart* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). Mr. Bradford's essay on biography is clear and revealing, and his studies of Longfellow, Whitman, Charlotte Cushman and Horace Walpole, among others, are highly interesting examples of the application of his principles. Mr. Bradford's death was a serious loss to American letters, and the skill he displays in this book emphasizes the loss.

Some Favorite Novels

OF THE novels published in recent months, the Landscaper's personal favorites were both written by women. One is Ellen Glasgow's *The Sheltered Life*, by all odds the most distinguished piece of fiction produced on this side of the Atlantic in 1932; the other Rosamond Lehmann's *Invitation to the Waltz*, a peculiarly charming novel, exquisitely done, and with a permanent appeal. There is another brilliant novel by a woman not far in the future, and while the Landscaper is a scrupulous observer of release dates, he takes the liberty of announcing that Isabel Paterson's *Never Ask the End*, available early in January, is something to look out for. It is Mrs. Paterson's first contemporary novel, and one of those books that has the "little more" which invariably distinguishes good art from bad. Of this novel, more later. Its publication

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seems to this observer to mark the definite rise of another first-rate talent among American novelists.

John Galsworthy has recently received the Nobel Prize, and this, no doubt, gives additional interest to the publication of his *Flowering Wilderness* (Scribner, $2.50), which is concerned with the fortunes of Dinny Cherrell, met already in his preceding novel. In this book Dinny falls in love with Wilfred Desert, who has broken the code of an English gentleman by becoming a Mohammedan at the point of a pistol, violated a tribal tabu that we foreigners have to accept on faith lest it seem a frightful lot of pother about nothing, and therefore nothing to build a plot upon. These two decent young people have a perfectly dreadful time because of Wilfred's unforgivable sin, and Mr. Galsworthy does his usually exact and accurate picture of the class with which he is concerned while telling of their troubles. The book exhibits many of the qualities that have given its author his commanding position among living novelists. It also has some painful faults, the most noticeable of which appears to the Landscaper to be Mr. Galsworthy's difficulty with modern dialogue. Has he been reading Hemingway? If so, not to the very best purpose. In short, *Flowering Wilderness* is not Galsworthy at his best, but it is a good novel.

A Promising Newcomer

A NOVEL by a young American that is attracting attention at the moment is *God's Angry Man* by Leonard Erlich (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), a book based upon the life of John Brown, and with very real merits, a powerful, fiery piece of writing that makes its characters and their period come sharply to life. John Brown himself is done with amazing skill, a veritable god-filled hero. Mr. Erlich, according to the announcement of his publishers, means this to be the first of a series of novels based upon incidents in American history. If he can keep the others anywhere near up to the level of the first, he will find himself well established among important novelists. There is real stuff here, and any one interested in the rising generation would do well to make a check by Erlich's name. This late in the year, the fiction shelf is not likely to be overcrowded, but several important novels remain to be mentioned. Lloyd C. Douglas's *Forgive Us Our Trespasses* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is a moving story of what life did to a youngster who started with the gravest handicaps, a tale told with real sympathy and feeling. The boy was born to revolt against a world that had crushed his young mother; the storms that blew throughout his life were brewing when he gave his first cry. Mr. Douglas's success with *The Magnificent Obsession* was no accident; the new book has the stuff of genuine popularity in it.

Two Amusing Novels

FOR lovers of the sophisticated and the subtle, *The Cat Who Saw God* by Anna Gordon Keown (Morrow, $2.50) is a perfectly safe recommendation. This novel tells the tale of Eliza Barbeston, a spinster, and her maid, Sarah Lupin, of the baleful eye. Also of a Bishop who became broad-minded, rather to his surprise, and of a cat that kept watch on

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these, and other, proceedings. The novel is gaily impudent, and has real charm. Another amusing book — it will prove particularly so for those who know something of the ins and outs of British politics — is Hilaire Belloc's *The Postmaster General* (Lippincott, $2), with many sketches by G. K. Chesterton. It is concerned with the adventures of Wilfred Halterton, Postmaster General in the administration of Mrs. Boulger, anno 1960, and is a satire on the ways of politics and politicians.

From fairly familiar historical material Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall have made a rattling good novel in *Mutiny on the Bounty* (Little, Brown — the Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.50). The story of this remarkable episode in the history of the Eighteenth Century has been told a number of times before, but never so well as here; the authors have lived for years in the South Seas, and the familiarity with the setting helps their book. It has already had the publicity of a book-club choice, but doubtless a good many people missed it in the exciting preëlection period. It is well worth going back to. For those who like his books, the Landscaper not being among the number, Jim Tully has a new one, *Laughter in Hell* (Albert and Charles Boni, $2), mostly concerned with the adventures of Barney Slaney in a chain gang, where he was sentenced for killing his wife and her lover. There is plenty of violence and sentimentality.

Miss Roberts's Short Stories

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS'S short stories of recent months have been collected under the title of *The Haunted Mirror* (Viking, $2.50). They are stories of her Kentucky mountain folk, seen through her own romantic imagination; her style is full of poetical beauty, but the focus is never clear and sharp. Like William Faulkner, she takes us into a world that we must accept on her terms, and for some of us, at least, this is bound to set up a conflict, since we are likely to ask for a touch of our own reality. In short, the stories in this volume are often hauntingly lovely, and filled with overtones of emotion, but they are about people we do not readily recognize.

To return to our survey of the more miscellaneous titles of recent weeks, the Landscaper was amused to find sitting side by side on his shelves a book filled with savage attacks upon quackery in the practice of medicine by the irregulars and another attack filled with just as savage attacks upon the humbug, inefficiency and downright dishonesty in the practice of medicine by the regulars. Book Number One is called *Fads and Quackery in Healing* and is by Morris Fishbein (Covici-Friede, $3.50). It is a perfectly fascinating chapter in the long, long story of human credulity, of what the will-to-believe can lead people to swallow. Dr. Fishbein roasts the osteopaths, the chiropractors, the Christian Scientists, the naturopaths, the "big-muscle boys" and so on down the list. He even retells the extraordinary story of the Abrams box, which was endorsed in its time by many supposedly intelligent people; its little trick, as may be recalled, was to make a complete diagnosis by the examination of one drop of blood. Book

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Number Two is called *Let's Operate* and is by Roy H. McKay and Norman Beasley (Long and Smith, $3), Dr. McKay being a well known surgeon and a fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He knows, therefore, what he is talking about. He has a shocking story to tell of fee-splitting, of fortunes to be made in abortions, of operations uselessly performed, and of the general ineffectiveness of specialists. A careful study of these two books would lead one inevitably to the conclusion that there was nothing to do but stay well, unless there happened to be an old-fashioned family physician available. Dr. McKay approves of the general practitioner, but even in the smaller towns and cities, it is the surgeon who acquires a local reputation who makes the money. And some doctors, believe it or not, do like to make money.

Snakes and Spooks

IMPORTANT recent books of science include two of unusual interest, Henry Smith Williams's *Survival of the Fittest* (McBride, $3.50), and Raymond Ditmars's *Thrills of a Naturalist's Quest* (Macmillan, $3.50). The first is a simple attempt to explain the why and wherefore of animal evolution, and is enriched with a large number of photographs from natural models. The second is the account of the life of one of the world's most famous authorities on snakes.

A year or more ago, the Landscaper read a book in London that lingered in his memory, a book about the mysteries of Tibet. It was called *Magic and Mystery in Tibet*, and was written by Alexandra David-Neel. It has just now been published in this country by Claude Kendall, price $3.75, and for those who like to be made pop-eyed, it is recommended reading. Mrs. David-Neel spent fourteen years in Tibet, devoting her whole time to the study and practice of the strange religions that flourish in the country. She believes in their magic, even to the creation of animate objects by thinking them into existence. There is, to be sure, a perfectly reasonable explanation of phenomena of this sort, but why be reasonable when it is so much more thrilling to believe in goblins and ghosts and all manner of supernatural beings and manifestations? This is an entertaining book, even for the skeptical.

Mrs. Woolf as a Critic

OF RECENT books of specific literary interest, the first and strongest recommendation goes to Virginia Woolf's *The Second Common Reader* (Harcourt, Brace, $3), another collection of fine critical essays, this time taking in Donne, Swift, De-Quincey, Hazlitt, DeFoe, Rosetti, Lawrence, and so on. There is no more interesting critic living than Mrs. Woolf, and she writes exquisitely, as it is hardly necessary to say. Other books of this classification include Hamlin Garland's *My Friendly Contemporaries* (Macmillan, $2.50), a continuation of his reminiscences covering the 1913–1923 period, filled with character sketches of all the leading literary lights of the time; *The Oxford Book of American Prose*, a splendid selection edited by Mark Van Doren (Oxford, $3), and with an introductory essay by the editor; Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, selected and edited by

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Edgar Valentine Mitchell (Appleton, $3), making available a fascinating lot of material long since buried in the multi-volumed original edition; and the second volume of *The Journal of Arnold Bennett* covering 1911 to 1920 (Viking, $4). There will be one more volume ready next spring, and the set will then be complete, a truly remarkable picture of the mind of an active man, who was interested in everything. The present book covers Bennett's visit to this country, which gives it an especial interest. It needs nothing extraneous, however, to make it delightful reading.

A Handsome Travel Book

THE handsomest travel book of recent weeks is Hudson Strode's *The Story of Bermuda* (Smith and Haas, $5), with seventy-five beautiful illustrations, and good letterpress, also. This ought to be about right for a present of some sort; Mr. Strode has done his work well, and his publishers have completed the job in admirable fashion. Another engaging travel book of wholly informal nature is *Down the World: Romantic Tales of a Traveler* by Oswald Hering (McBride), the story of the wide wanderings of an American architect, who rambled from Ceylon all the way to Natchez, Mississippi, taking large numbers of excellent photographs and seeing a lot to write about.

More will be said later about Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's *The Victorian Sunset* (Morrow, $3.50), a continuation of this author's admirable book, *Those Earnest Victorians*.

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